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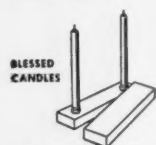


For the zeal of thy house
hath eaten me up . . .

[Ps. 68:10. John 2:17]



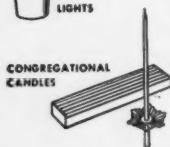
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FEB 21 1961

America

National Catholic Weekly Review

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CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS

Separated Brothers

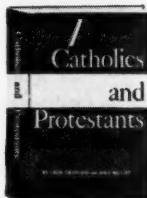
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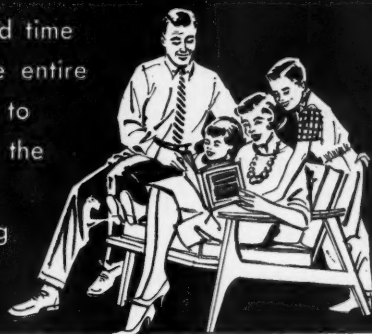
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Correspondence

Question of Aid

EDITOR: I wonder if AMERICA has not misstated the issue involved in Federal aid to education. You say (2/4) that the question was whether aid to parochial schools was constitutional. Is not the real issue—or the issue upon which we must seek to fight this battle—whether public funds may be denied one individual American taxpayer simply because such a citizen chooses to educate his children in a private school which is religiously oriented?

Under this view, which I believe is a proper one, the constitutional question is whether an individual citizen may be denied equal treatment under the laws simply because he seeks to exercise his fundamental constitutional rights. Were the aid in question to be given to the individual by a tax credit or in the nature of GI-Bill grants, no one could claim a breach of the "Church and State wall," should the individual choose to expend such aid in a private school.

STUART D. HUBBELL
Traverse City, Mich.

[We merely remarked that there are constitutional difficulties in the way of relieving the burden of double taxation borne by the parent who sends his child to a parochial school, and added that we did not consider these difficulties insuperable. For the rest, we think that Mr. Hubbell's point is well taken—Ed.]

Other Interests

EDITOR: After reading so many articles in AMERICA on politics, economics, education, the space age and the H-bomb, it is indeed refreshing and enlightening to come upon such a fine article as "The Forty Martyrs" by Fr. Philip Caraman, S.J. (2/11). May we in future issues have an opportunity to read other articles in connection with those of the household of the faith?

CARL A. JOSSECK
Chicago, Ill.

Common Bonds

EDITOR: May I have space to commend your publication and the work that AMERICA is seeking to do. I am perhaps the oldest active Protestant clergyman up here in New England, having been a pastor for 62 years.

My pastorates have been in two industrial cities and two industrial towns. Besides

being pastor I have held public office in two of the places, one such office being chairman of the Public Welfare Board for eight years.

I have at various times cooperated with local Catholic priests to at least the number of twenty, and never once have I been refused such co-operation. We have worked in entire harmony.

It has been sometimes a duty, sometimes a privilege, for me to call on various Catholic homes, and there, as I have seen the aged and sick receiving such comfort and help from their religion, I have left them saying "God bless the Catholic religion."

We who are Christians must recognize that while we may worship God in different churches, we are all Christians.

The future of America depends upon such recognition.

ROLAND D. SAWYER
Exeter, N.H.

Better Catholic Press

EDITOR: The suggestion of John G. Deedy Jr., in "The Missing Dimension" (2/4), that quarterly seminars on theology be held for lay editors of the Catholic press, is worthy of further exploration by a body such as the Catholic Press Association.

Certainly Fordham, one of the three institutions he mentioned as possible locations for such seminars, would be most willing to co-operate to the fullest extent in any undertaking of this kind. Perhaps the CPA would designate a committee to study the matter more fully.

Such a committee could go farther than Mr. Deedy suggests. Today when so much is heard about "dialogue" and the Catholic "ghetto mentality," consideration might be given to a meeting of Catholic editors, and perhaps those of other denominations, on problems common to the religious press. Face-to-face sessions would go far toward erasing misconceptions and misunderstandings.

While Mr. Deedy makes a good case for the need of more theology for lay editors, other areas might well be viewed—for instance, international affairs. A series of lectures by men of the stamp of Robert Pell, editorial consultant for AMERICA and adjunct assistant professor in Fordham's Communication Arts Department, would provide an invaluable perspective for Catholic editors, especially in view of Mr. Pell's many years of service as a State Department official.

A further possibility would be in line

with a suggestion made at several past CPA sessions by a Fordham representative. Why could not awards similar to the Nieman Fellowships at Harvard University be made annually to outstanding Catholic lay editors? These would permit one or two editors, selected on the basis of their accomplishments, to study, say for a semester, theology or any other subject in which they felt they needed greater depth of understanding.

The Catholic Press Association, the publishers and the universities could cooperate in financing such fellowships. The awards might even in some instances be memorial in nature.

WILLIAM K. TRIVETT, S.J., Chairman
Dept. of Communication Arts
Fordham University
New York, N.Y.

[AMEN, AMEN!—ED.]

Democrat Organ?

EDITOR: I am a new reader of your publication and, while I was not surprised by its political orientation during the recent campaign, I had hoped that it would return to its role as a Catholic Review following the campaign. Instead, I find that it continues more nearly to resemble an organ of the Democratic party.

I offer as a case in point the lead editorial in the Feb. 4 issue. I was particularly surprised to see listed as a "quotable gem" the excerpt from the Inaugural speech: "And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country."

This is a noble thought, but it was a joke. Indeed, it sounded ridiculous coming from the lips of President Kennedy. How can such a thought be squared with the welfare-state philosophy of "pie in the sky" and "let big-brother government take care of you" voiced by Mr. Kennedy during and since the campaign.

Catholics, who criticized others for voting against Kennedy because of his religion, helped elect him by doing much the same thing in going to the polls in large numbers to vote for him because of his religion. He has hurdled quite a barrier by becoming our first Catholic President, but let's not canonize him yet.

NEAL BLACK
Grundy Center, Iowa

Hush on Polaris

EDITOR: One of your correspondents writes (1/21, p.486): "Regrettably, the Polaris-firing submarine has received far less publicity than it deserves." Sentiments like these help to convince your allies, and certainly our potential enemies, of the false

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premise that the United States is spoiling for a fight. Does your correspondent think that the strategists in the Kremlin have not yet taken the Polaris into account? More publicity can only heighten existing tension.

The need for these hellish weapons is an ultimate commentary on the stupidity of our time. They should be launched in sorrow, not enthusiasm.

E. A. PHILLIPS

Ottawa, Canada

Price of TV

EDITOR: After reading your editorial "Closer Scrutiny" (2/11), I would like to disagree slightly with the idea that self-exposure to commercials is "all" we have to pay for television entertainment.

In addition to the teeth-grinding endurance required for the blared-up, condescending-to-the-ignorant-majority commercials (washing-machine-soap or detergent ads, most particularly), don't you agree that we pay quite well for this entertainment "largess" every time we purchase one of the advertised products?

DOLORES A. CARLEY

Washington, D.C.

Doctors Divided

EDITOR: As one who played a considerable role in bringing out an English edition of Dietrich von Hildebrand's epistemology, I should like to take issue with what I consider the unfortunate review of his *What Is Philosophy?* by John A. Oesterle (1/21, p.542).

Dr. Oesterle rightly sees that "the core . . . is the long fourth chapter, on the object of philosophical knowledge." But that is all he sees rightly. He completely misses what von Hildebrand means by a priori knowledge, viz., the insight into eternal truths—the grasping by the human mind of *veritates aeternae*, the luminous and necessary "eternal reasons" of things.

St. Augustine, of course, championed the fact that man has the ability to grasp these eternal truths; but even St. Thomas Aquinas taught an equivalent doctrine, although, to be sure, he ascribed a different scope to such a priori knowledge. For Dr. Oesterle to say that von Hildebrand "reduces" the object of philosophy to a priori truths seems to suggest that he excludes from philosophy a whole sphere of being that is vitally important and that has been traditionally included. As a matter of fact, however, von Hildebrand's doctrine *enlarges* the scope of philosophy and allows it to include validly many beings which had traditionally been excluded on the ground that they were not given in "the third degree of abstraction," or for some other reason.

Moreover, von Hildebrand does not re-

strict philosophy to a priori truths even though he stresses their predominant role in philosophy. In subsequent chapters he shows just how far philosophy is concerned with really existing beings, including God, the human thinker and the world of matter. How all this tends to "reduce" the object of philosophy is beyond my comprehension.

Dr. Oesterle also misses the epoch-making discovery of von Hildebrand about the ground of a priori knowledge, a discovery which allows him at once to clarify and to supersede Husserl's version of phenomenology.

I venture to predict that *What Is Philosophy?* will soon be considered the most important epistemological work since the *Critique of Pure Reason*.

WILLIAM A. MARRA, PH.D.
Philosophy Department
School of Education

Fordham University
New York, N.Y.

Catholic Secularists

EDITOR: George Kelley's exhortation, in "The Years Ahead" (1/21), that we now live up to the unparalleled opportunity of making the Church known, is on target. When I suggest his statement, "the cold figures show it was the Protestants of the United States who elected Mr. Kennedy," needs amending, it is not by way of criticism but rather as a point of departure for a pertinent consideration if we American Catholics are properly to orient ourselves for the count-down ahead.

The secularists, including Catholic secularists, elected Mr. Kennedy. As Christopher Dawson pointed out in the same issue of *AMERICA*—an excellent interview by one of your editors—we live in a secularistic society. So much so, I am certain that he would object to the appellation pluralistic. Ours is a secular society through and through, thanks unfortunately, in considerable measure, to us American Catholics.

Until we generate the genius for carrying our religion out onto Main Street, into shop, office, union deliberations and the entertainment world, we will be adding to the scourge of secularism.

H. F.

Philadelphia, Pa.

No Antitrust Hero

EDITOR: Your editorial "No Politics in Antitrust" (1/28) and your elevation of William P. Rogers to the role of hero in the antimonopoly crusade are a bit hard to take.

I need only to refer you to Mr. Rogers' letter to Hon. Emanuel Celler, Chairman, Antitrust Subcommittee of the Committee

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on the Judiciary, dated July 13, 1956. Concerned with the consent-decree program of the Department of Justice in antitrust cases, the Judiciary Committee had asked for the files relating to "negotiation for, and signing of" certain consent decrees. In reply, Mr. Rogers cited an executive directive: "Because it is essential to efficient and effective administration that employees of the executive branch be in a position to be completely candid in advising with each other on official matters . . . you will instruct your employees in all of their appearances before Congressional committees not to testify to any such conversations or communications or to produce any such documents or reproductions. This principle must be maintained regardless of who would be benefited by such disclosures."

Mr. Rogers' letter ends with the bold statement: "With this in mind, this department cannot grant your request to examine our files." Yet, these consent decrees, tailored in secret, and signed by a justice as a matter of course, become res judicata and tie the hands of future Attorneys General.

FREDERICK J. GILLEN

Lawrence, Mass.

EDITOR: Your editorial regarding antitrust prosecution shows the fallacy of praise because of quantity rather than quality.

I do not presume to judge other suits now in prosecution. I am very familiar with the suit now pending against three licensee groups in the bedding industry. These groups are made up of many small firms throughout the United States which cooperate to produce sleep products under certain specifications, and to use their joint efforts to produce national advertising and thus be competitive.

If the Government is successful in its suit to disband such co-operative group effort, the total effect will be to make bigger the three or four firms now producing sleep products in multiplants nationally and to put out of business the small one-plant operation. This is antitrust in reverse. It may be the letter of the law, but hardly the spirit. It is time the Administration and the Congress took a long, hard look at antitrust.

(Mrs.) ELIZABETH K. HERBERT

Orrville, Ohio

Parents Teach Religion

EDITOR: I read Aline Wolf's article "The Parish School of Religion" (1/21) with distinct pleasure. Fr. Leonard Kelly's plan sounds like the answer to a parent's desire for a truly Catholic family life. I experience no greater joy than when fostering my child's religious experiences. What a pleasure to see a child's mind wrestle with the eternal truth. Fr. Kelly's plan gives this

privilege back to parents during the years when they can be the best teachers.

My most serious objection to Catholic primary education has always been the association it establishes in the child's mind between intellectual performance and religion. When Sister must constantly uphold a goal of academic proficiency, the child's academic success or lack of success will often affect his future religious experiences. The fine, dedicated nun who must teach 65 youngsters not only to know, love and serve God but all of the basic skills as well, does not always leave an impression of a loving and merciful God. If Sister had only religious education to devote her energies to, I believe we would be putting her special talents and graces to their most efficient use. Sister might even enjoy this new role and derive more personal satisfaction from it.

(Mrs.) JANE W. NIEDERBERGER

Severna Park, Md.

Variety in the Church

EDITOR: Your issue on Church unity (1/14) is easily one of the most significant to have appeared—given the times and the challenge.

As one aspect of a many-sided problem, may I point out that the Catholic contribution to the dialogue will not be particularly effective until we Catholics—the rank and file of the laity, and the clergy as well—have the courage and depth of faith to cultivate an adequately "catholic" concept of our Church. As long as we continue to define the Church, in our practical thinking and praying, largely in terms of "Latinity," occidental modes of cultural expression, a uniquely celibate clergy and the like, non-Catholics will inevitably, I think, continue to view Catholicism as being to some degree monolithic.

It is little short of marvelous to experience the astonishment and gradual change of attitude in many non-Catholics when they learn for the first time that even the Latin Church has married priests (in Germany and Denmark), that the Oriental patriarchates and rites have nothing to do with the ecclesiastical province of Rome (though they are magnificently Catholic and in communion with the See of Peter), that Latin is not the universal language of the Catholic Church.

But from the pulpit almost never, and in the pages of our diocesan weekly press too rarely, are we told of these facts. Surely during Catholic Press Month, it is in order to complain that our Catholic newspapers and magazines have thus far largely failed to educate us as to the true dimensions of the visible Church.

HENRY D. ELLIS

Wallace, Idaho

America • FEBRUARY 25, 1961

Current Comment

Congo's Only Hope

His rivals are not mourning the sudden passing from the Congolese political scene of Patrice Lumumba on Feb. 12. Nevertheless, no matter what opinion one holds of the fiery, irresponsible former Premier, his death by violence was a genuine tragedy. Because of it, the United Nations is passing through its most serious crisis in the 15 years of its existence. Civil war threatens to drench the Congo in a new bath of blood. Mounting emotions could turn the whole of Black Africa into a continent in chaos.

The only nation to have benefited in a tangible way from the assassination of Mr. Lumumba has been the Soviet Union. His death has provided the occasion for renewed Soviet attacks on the UN itself. In a resolution submitted to the Security Council on Feb. 14, the USSR, with some African support, denounced Mr. Hammarskjöld as the perpetrator of the crime, called for his dismissal and demanded the withdrawal of all UN troops from the Congo. The Soviet game was obvious. The Russians want to destroy the UN as an effective instrument for peace. They would precipitate a power struggle within the Congo, unhampered by the UN's presence—all in the interests of African nationalism.

The UN may have made its mistakes in the Congo. Still, as U.S. delegate Adlai E. Stevenson pointedly reminded the African countries in his maiden UN speech on Feb. 15, the world body remains the only guarantor of the independence of the smaller nations. Conversely, the UN's effectiveness in the Congo crisis will depend on the support the weaker nations are prepared to give it. They can begin by co-operating to give the organization a new, firm and clear mandate in this troubled land. This is the Congo's only hope.

Shooting for Venus

Russia, which finds it hard to make grain spring from the ground, has no trouble in staging space spectacles. On Feb. 12 Khrushchev shot an arrow into

the air, perhaps hoping that it will land in a Venusian oak tree during the merry month of May.

Tass, the Soviet press agency, was chary of details (and modest in its claims) about the newest sputnik. Our own Government, too, is now following a policy of reticence on what it learns of Soviet space rockets. Hence we are forced to make conjectures on the meaning of this 1,419-pound "automatic interplanetary station" that is headed toward our nearest planetary neighbor.

Three things seem certain: 1) the USSR can now hurl heavy satellites beyond the earth's gravitational field; 2) on ground command, Russia can very precisely launch daughter-satellites from an already orbiting mother-rocket; 3) Russia is ready to attempt changes in rocket trajectories and to control transmission of data over intervals of millions of miles. Each of these is a truly great accomplishment.

Some people talk as though this new satellite had already achieved what may be only wild hopes. Yet Russia experienced serious malfunctions in three of its last four "successful" sputniks. The Venus probe is a most ambitious effort to solve a truly formidable ballistic problem. Russian space science will deserve the loftiest praise if its latest rocket comes within one million miles of Venus. That it should fall into orbit around Venus or penetrate her atmosphere would be well-nigh incredible in the present state of space technology.

Repeat on Red China

On Feb. 8, Britain's Foreign Secretary, the Earl of Home, told the House of Lords that the "facts of international life" require the admission of Red China to the United Nations.

The U.S. State Department quickly observed that this policy declaration, which reflects the stand of the British Cabinet, was "not the result of any consultation between our two Governments." Hence it emerges as the first serious conflict on foreign policy between Britain and our new Administration.

From our viewpoint, the problem of

admitting Communist China to the UN must also face a hard fact of life: Premier Chou En-lai recently said that "it will be impossible for China to have anything to do with the United Nations" until Nationalist China is expelled from the world organization.

Such an attitude shows that while Red China *may* be interested in securing UN membership, the interest is a qualified one; Red China is not so much concerned with meeting qualifications of membership as with imposing conditions of its own acceptance. One such condition has been named. Others might be added. The burden of them all is that Red China seeks to be wooed by the UN, and the price of betrothal is high enough to destroy the purposes, betray the letter and violate the spirit of the Charter of the UN.

The matter of admitting Red China to the UN is sure to be explored when President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan hold informal sessions on April 5 and 6. We doubt that Britain's spokesman will convince Mr. Kennedy that U.S. policy on Red China needs any basic changes at this time.

Moroccan Enigma

Perhaps independent Morocco was never "firmly in the Western camp." At the same time, we took it for granted that this North African nation's foreign policy was oriented toward the West. It came as a shock, therefore, to read on Feb. 12 that Rabat had accepted a Soviet offer of "unconditional" aid for needed economic and industrial development.

Nor is that all. For the past few months Morocco has been forging military links with the Soviet Union. Arrived just recently, 14 MIG jets brought their usual complement of technicians. Up to the present Morocco's armed forces have relied on the United States for their equipment. The possibility of close Soviet military ties is all the more disturbing when one recalls that a \$500-million complex of SAC bases is to be turned over to the Moroccan government by 1963.

Morocco has become an enigma to the West. There is no obvious reason why Rabat should suddenly become receptive to Soviet blandishments, unless it be the failure of the United States and the West to take a clear-cut stand on

With this issue, the circulation of *America* has for the first time topped 65,000. The editors of this Review, therefore, have begun to look forward to a circulation of 100,000. Please help to make this a reality by introducing your friends to *America*.

the issue of Algeria. True, despite generous American aid, the Moroccan economy is far from sound. Nevertheless, the principle of accepting economic aid from whatever quarter it is offered ought not to include military assistance the country does not need. Score one more important victory for the Soviets in the East-West war of nerves.

Irish Neutrality

"Ireland today bestrides the world stage like a colossus," said the London *Economist* some weeks ago in a phrase much quoted since.

The *Economist's* remark was not mere exaggeration. Ireland's Frederick H. Boland presides over the UN General Assembly. An Irish general, Seán McKeown, commands the UN forces in the Congo. Ireland has a leading voice among the small countries in the United Nations and will soon sit as a member of the Security Council. This little nation now exercises an influence which makes her foreign policy a matter of genuine interest to Americans.

Ireland's policy is to be neutral without being neutralist. As the Irish Premier, Seán Lemass, said last December, "We do not profess or pretend to be indifferent to the outcome of the East-West conflict, nor present ourselves as neutral on the ideological issues which now divide the world. . . . We are clearly on the democratic side."

Ireland also realizes that the peace of the world rests on a balance of power and appreciates the sacrifices made by the great Western states to maintain that balance. But her government believes that Ireland can render her best service to world peace outside of military alliances—to which she could contribute little in any case.

As a small nation Ireland stands for the concept of a world authority which can keep the peace. She has therefore dedicated herself to working through

and for the United Nations. As Mr. Lemass said, "This is the very antithesis to isolationism."

. . . and U.S. Foreign Policy

Irish-Americans might prefer to see their motherland lined up solidly behind American foreign policy. But it may be that Ireland can best serve America's highest goals by avoiding identification with American military and diplomatic interests. As the London *Spectator* has put it, "Ireland, to hold the position she has gained, must be able to demonstrate, even to flaunt, her independence."

A country which is undeniably Western and Christian, yet indubitably anti-colonialist and militarily uncommitted, enjoys an unusually favorable position in the world's councils. Ireland aims to use that place of vantage to serve as a bridge between the West and the new, neutral nations of Africa and Asia. It would be rash to conclude that her end or her means are wrong.

President on Health

"The health of our nation is a key to its future," said the President in sending his health message to Congress on Feb. 9. It is a key, he added, "to our success in achieving our own goals and demonstrating to others the benefits of a free society."

In advising the nation's lawmakers of the measures he felt they should enact, Mr. Kennedy made plain his conviction that we face some "unfinished business" in the areas of health and medicine. His recommendations fell under two general headings: 1) improving and increasing medical personnel, knowledge and services; 2) seeing to it that persons over 65, a large proportion of whom find their medical bills mounting while their incomes shrink, can command the medical and hospital services

they may need as they grow older.

On Feb. 13, Congress received the Administration's bill to provide health insurance benefits to the aged. These benefits would include hospitalization (up to 90 days for each attack requiring in-patient care); nursing-home services (up to 180 days after a person is transferred from a hospital); out-patient diagnostic services (covering charges in excess of \$20); visiting nurse and other home health services up to 240 visits.

Sponsors of the bill, which ties health insurance to the Social Security system, estimate that 14.2 million of the 16.7 million Americans now aged 65 and over would be eligible for these benefits.

This bill, despite the President's assurance that it "is not a program of socialized medicine," will meet with bitter opposition from several quarters. Most Republicans and many Southern Democrats in Congress can be counted on to vote against it. Moreover, if experience in the last session is any index, lobbying by proponents and foes of the plan will be the most intense and active in years.

. . . and Medical Facilities

Less controversy may be expected to develop over those parts of the President's message concerned with expanding community health services; increasing nursing homes, medical and dental schools; and assisting needy students to complete their studies in medicine or dentistry.

The basic proposals in this section of the Presidential program have already won support from many sides. In a comment on them, Fr. Edward B. Rooney, S.J., president of the Jesuit Educational Association, noted that the needs are long-range and "temporary programs are not the answer."

In this connection, the President had stated:

If during the next ten years, the capacity of our medical schools is increased 50 per cent and that of our dental schools by 100 per cent, the output will still be sufficient only to maintain the present ratio of physicians and dentists to population.

Moreover, as Fr. Rooney pointed out, medical and dental education is intimately linked to the general welfare of the whole country. For this reason,

he argued, "it would only seem right that the Federal Government . . . should seek means to assist medical and dental schools in meeting the operating costs of education."

From the board of directors of Georgetown University, which maintains one each of the six medical and eight dental schools operated under Catholic auspices, came a similar statement concerning the critical need for highly qualified physicians. To this end they urged Federal help in the form of scholarships and direct grants.

Responsible Regionalism

An unusual inter-State compact was signed early this month and awaits ratification by Congress and the respective State Legislatures. The novel feature is that the Federal Government is a full partner in the compact, together with the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware.

The compact sets up a five-member commission, which will include an appointee of the President. The commission's function will be to draw up and administer a comprehensive plan for developing the water resources of the Delaware River basin. This will embrace water supply, flood control, electric power generation, forestation and recreational facilities in the nation's most heavily populated region. (The metropolises of New York and Philadelphia have a major stake in the plan because their water supply depends so largely on the Delaware basin.)

The signing of this compact is a progressive step. Since the compact has a duration of 100 years, it allows for long-range planning—a necessary condition because the population of the region is expected to double in the next 50 years.

The compact also presents a fine example of responsible regionalism. A river basin poses problems that transcend State lines but are less than na-

tion-wide in scope. The best solution is properly institutionalized co-operation among the States affected. We are happy that the Federal Government has encouraged this sort of co-operation by agreeing to share in the costs and administration of the Delaware River basin plan.

Romance on the Rails

If love affairs in progress among a dozen railroads should end in marriages, veteran travelers will have to look twice at the nation's transportation map to recognize it.

Some of the courtships, like the one between the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific and the Chicago & North Western, are old affairs which have burst into vivid flame. Others have the freshness of new love, like the tempestuous wooing of the Western Pacific by the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Still others are a

Abuse of the Library

SCHWEGMANN, Metcalf, Coney, Clapp, Bouwhuis, Ellsworth, Powell—all were there at the recent midwinter meeting of the American Library Association in Chicago. There were others whose names, along with theirs, make up a litany of the profession. But one name has now outshone them all: Harold Roth of the East Orange, N.J., Public Library.

Tens of millions have now seen Harold Roth on TV; every press association has carried a release on him; the American Civil Liberties Union has called him a Gestapo type. Without building a library, raising a fund or writing a book, as have Ellsworth, Clapp and Powell, he has made a name that pales them all: he has called in the books, books long overdue.

Readers all over the world will rave at his action, as they always have and always will. Somehow the public conscience stops when it comes to the return of books. Rather than charge them and so have to return them at the due date, readers will swipe books and toss them through a slot when they are through with them, or leave them in their rooms when they move away. The mutilation of journals is a worse crime than the theft or nonreturn of books, but it is just as endemic among us and much more harmful to character.

These are facts that all librarians know and talk

MR. READY is director of libraries at Marquette University in Milwaukee.

about among themselves, but cautiously and softly for public-relations reasons. Libraries are bleeding all over the place from thefts and depredations. Occasionally it makes news, as when the Irish poet Kavanagh breaks New York Public Library rules, or when the graduate student at Stanford steals the manuscripts. But generally it is just a distressing fact we live with, like death and taxes.

What Harold Roth has done, after all, public librarians do everywhere. I remember when I was one. I often went over to the police department with our overdue claims when all our notes and calls had failed to bring about the return of the book. This is only the right and proper procedure. The maladroitness of the police in calling for "the books or else" in the middle of the night is really beside the point. A few people have been hauled out of bed in New Jersey for having failed to return books twelve months overdue: it could have happened to me or you. But to call Harold Roth, a friend and colleague of mine, a Gestapolike character because of it, is monstrous and silly.

If his dilemma, so callously and cruelly exploited by our news media, brings to some of us a pang of conscience at the way we misuse our library services, he will have done more than if he had built a library or mounted a project for foundation monies. There is small comfort in that, however, for librarian Roth who has been made the scapegoat of his calling and all our own misdeeds.

WILLIAM B. READY

mixture of new and old, like the rivalry between the Chesapeake & Ohio and the New York Central for the hand of the venerable but still attractive Baltimore & Ohio.

In all these cases the dominant reason for merging is frankly money. Two railroads may feel that they can achieve economies together which they have never been able to achieve separately. Or they may fear that a pending merger in their territory will place them at a competitive disadvantage unless they too enter the matrimonial market. It was the planned coming together, for instance, of the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Spokane, Portland & Seattle which moved the St. Paul to renew its courtship of the North Western.

Before any of these marriages are consummated, the Interstate Commerce Commission must issue a license and give its blessing. Since the ICC has to make sure that the intentions are honorable, this formality is sometimes very protracted. It may be even more protracted than usual if Congress decides to find out whether the romantic proclivities of the railroads are as promising for shippers and travelers as they are for bankers and stockholders.

Wages of the Poor

The Administration's proposals for amending the Fair Labor Standards Act emphasize again its cautious approach to the New Frontier. These are the main points in the modest program which the President outlined in his letter of Feb. 7 to House Speaker Sam Rayburn:

1. For the 24 million workers presently covered by the law, the minimum wage would be raised from \$1 an hour to \$1.15 this year, \$1.20 next year and \$1.25 in 1963.

2. For the 4.3 million workers who would be newly covered, the minimum wage would be \$1 this year, \$1.05 next year, \$1.15 in 1963 and \$1.25 in 1964.

3. The basic 40-hour week would not apply to the newly covered workers this year. Next year they would be paid time and a half for hours worked beyond 44 in a week; in 1963 for hours beyond 42; finally in 1964 for hours beyond 40.

These proposals resemble the bill which the Senate passed last year but which proved too rich for the blood of

the so-called conservative coalition in the House. In a questionable effort to make the package more palatable to the Southern Democrats and the Halleck-Goldwater Republicans, the Administration omitted from coverage employees of restaurants, hotels and small logging companies. It also agreed to make the jump to \$1.25 in three years instead of two. Even so, the coalition refuses to be appeased. It is again girding for battle—with plenty of support from the business groups which fought the minimum-wage bill last year.

Though the President probably doesn't need their help, businessmen who privately deplore low wages ought to support this moderate program publicly. Such a gesture would notably improve the labor-management atmosphere.

Subsidiarity at the Council

When he issued *Quadragesimo Anno*, Pope Pius XI probably never expected that a key social principle of his encyclical would one day be cited to guide an ecumenical council. This new twist to an old idea was given recently by Francis Cardinal Koenig of Vienna. Speaking to Catholic journalists, Jan. 30, on the Second Vatican Council, the Austrian churchman invoked the famous "principle of subsidiarity" in arguing for decentralization in Church administration.

As any student of QA knows, in virtue of subsidiarity a right social order requires that higher organisms should not assume functions and services which lesser organisms are competent to execute. Applied to the Church, this would mean that the Pope should not take over tasks that individual bishops or the national hierarchies are fully able to perform; also, that the clergy should not try to do what the laity could do just as well, if not better.

Cardinal Koenig expressed the hope that the general council, by reversing the present trend toward centralization, would restore the traditional role of the bishops and thereby increase the significance of interdiocesan programs and national episcopal conferences.

It is no secret that many bishops, especially in Europe, feel that centralization in Rome is bringing diminishing returns. Without prejudice to the authority of the Holy See, they feel, it is

the part of wise administrative policy to leave ample discretion to regional authorities. This is particularly necessary in pastoral and liturgical problems. Cardinal Koenig was not speaking for himself alone in pinpointing decentralization in the Church as a goal of the Second Vatican Council.

Reclaiming Delinquents

The number of juvenile delinquents appearing before U.S. courts rose to a new high in 1959. If the rate of increase was slightly less than had been expected, the picture remained discouraging. Delinquency among the young clearly demands urgent attention from public and private agencies at every level.

The new head of the Senate's subcommittee on juvenile delinquency, Sen. Thomas J. Dodd (D., Conn.), has already made it plain that his group will not stand idle. One of his first acts as chairman was to introduce an important piece of legislation to aid States and local communities in the struggle against this national plague. A noteworthy feature of the bill provides that \$5 million will be spent yearly for the next five years to help the States train qualified personnel.

In the eyes of many experts, an expansion of efforts to provide competent workers, particularly in the fields of prevention and rehabilitation, must have top priority. A study by the National Probation and Parole Association, for instance, indicated a need for 15,000 juvenile probation officers. At the time the study was made, however, there were only 2,100 officers handling children.

Dr. E. Preston Sharp, highly respected director of Philadelphia's modern Youth Study Center, puts the problem of recruitment in stark terms:

We have to go out on the street and select them on the basis of personality adjustment and background, give them a couple of days of orientation and put them to work.

Senator Dodd's bill does not attempt to saddle the Federal Government with entire responsibility for a grave social problem found in almost every local community. Its merit is that it aims at providing supplementary aid precisely at the point of maximum need.

Mr. Salinger on "Security"

THE DEMOCRATIC victory last November was due, in large part, to an uneasiness among the public concerning our physical strength and our standing in the world, an uneasiness exploited to the full by the victors. This feeling had been created by a press which, despite many failings in its coverage of military affairs, managed to discern the true state of our defenses.

The Soviet Union and Communist China, also, have formed a good estimate of our military capabilities. Of late, this assessment has encouraged Mr. Khrushchev to do some rocket rattling, and Mr. Mao to urge all-out war. But this same accurate assessment has kept the Chinese Communist army on its own side of the Formosa Strait, and the Soviet army on its side of the German fence. When we have given evidence of calling Mr. Khrushchev's bluff, as in the instance of his rocket "support" for Castro's Cuba, he has chosen to back down, again on the basis of his intelligence estimates.

What would have been the history of the past fifteen years if the Communist world had not possessed an accurate estimate of our military strength? Those who are concerned with the possibility of "war by miscalculation" should be especially interested in this question.

On January 25, in a speech to the National Press Club, Pierre Salinger, President Kennedy's press secretary, declared his determination that henceforth neither the Soviet Union nor anyone outside the Administration would be able to obtain an accurate estimate of our military strength.

Mr. Salinger gave his listeners his word that such a policy would not be used to "stifle, censor or manipulate information."

This was a remarkable speech for several reasons. First of all, Mr. Salinger is the White House press secretary. He exercises no legal authority beyond the confines of his own office. Whatever power he may have been delegated in the field of party politics and general co-ordination of announcements does not extend to laying down the law to the Department of Defense.

Second, whatever his political and public relations skills, Mr. Salinger is almost totally lacking in the training and experience necessary to qualify him for a role in determining the information policies of the Department of Defense.

The Department of Defense has a public relations chief of its own. He is Arthur Sylvester, former Washington bureau chief of the Newark *Evening News*.

MR. KENNEDY, a free-lance writer on military affairs, formerly served as an Intelligence Officer in the Strategic Air Command.

Mr. Sylvester is retained for the purpose of keeping America and the world informed of our general military capabilities and such of our specific capabilities as it may be possible to reveal. There is no military reason why this picture cannot, at all times, give a close approximation of our true strength. There are a great many reasons, from the standpoint of international politics, why this picture must be kept reasonably complete and accurate.

It may be said that the unknown—the X in the defense equation—forces a potential aggressor to hesitate or to abandon his plan.

Due to the ideological nature of the present conflict, old-style secrecy is of only marginal value. Defections from both sides have undone, and will continue to undo, much of the work of the guards, the barbed wire fences and the security passes.

The true X in the present equation is the unknown of nuclear warfare. It remains, even when all concerned are in possession of mankind's total present knowledge of the subject. One side or the other obtains an advantage only when its nuclear power, including the means of delivery and defense, clearly exceed that of its opponent. The more "smoke" introduced here, the greater the play of doubt, bluff and guesswork. This, not the accidental pushing of a button, is the real danger of "war by accident."

It would be foolish to advertise the fine points of our capabilities. We can, and should, tell the world how many B-52's and Atlas missiles we possess and, in general, their speed and power. We need not, and should not, reveal the "in-commission" rate of the B-52 or the exact circular probable error of the Atlas.

The general category of information enables the enemy to understand just how formidable a foe he faces. Hiding the fine points prevents him from making the precise estimate necessary if he does approach the point of parity. Our major difficulty here is that we lack information-officials well enough trained in military technology to make the distinction.

A policy such as that advocated by Mr. Salinger would enable the Administration to attempt a bluff as to our military strength. It would enable Mr. Kennedy to say that he had fulfilled his campaign promises as to increasing our military strength when, in fact, he had no intention of doing so.

A policy of reasonable frankness, on the other hand, would leave us no choice but to maintain a military force that will command the respect of our enemies, and inspire the confidence of our friends. This is the sort of military force Mr. Kennedy promised.

WILLIAM V. KENNEDY

Washington Front

BACKGROUNDERS AND COLD PRINT

CONGRESS has been quiet since its return. The Senate has yet to schedule hearings on any major measures. The committees of the House, which must act first on the emergency programs proposed by President Kennedy, were not formed until after the bitter fight on the rules. The White House has held the spotlight. Public attention has been riveted on the vigorous young President and the members of his official family.

Both Houses were in virtual recess last week so that Republican orators could travel around the country delivering their Lincoln Day speeches with clear consciences. They were unexpectedly given a theme recently, by the innocent declaration of Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara at a background briefing that there is no missile gap.

The "backgrounder," a peculiarly local institution, is a quasi-private meeting between a government official and certain reporters, either those who regularly cover his department or a selected group supposedly culled from the more thoughtful of the numerous scribblers here. Under the rules, anything the official says can be written, but not for attribution or quotation. Some reporters do not attend these sessions as a matter of policy, since the official often uses the occasion to launch a dubious

idea, and then can, if reaction is unfavorable, disclaim it. The backgrounder is particularly revered by reporters covering the State and Defense Departments, because they deal with complicated questions which cannot always be explored at regular press conferences.

The history of the institution is that backgrounders bite back. Local annals are clotted with instances where an official has unburdened himself at a cozy little dinner meeting, and upon seeing his thoughts in cold print the next morning, has sent his press secretary out to cry that he has been either misquoted, misunderstood or betrayed. The temptation of sounding out the public without seeming to do so, however, is very strong.

Just why Mr. McNamara thought he had to expose himself to this particular peril three weeks after taking office and three days after a normal press conference is yet to be fathomed. Anyway, he said what he did, and there was the sound of sharply indrawn breaths all over town, followed almost immediately by Republican cackling and Democratic corrections.

Other Cabinet members at their public and private meetings have fared better. Secretary of State Rusk was a model of uncommunicative caution at his opener; Interior Secretary Udall was candidly political and publicized his known intervention in the House Rules fight; Treasury Secretary Dillon was bland; Labor Secretary Goldberg was informative; Postmaster General Day, the unknown from California, was the most refreshing—he told everyone to go away and let him run the Post Office.

MARY MCGRORY

On All Horizons

TO WIN SOULS • The 3rd Seminar-ians' Conference on the Non-Catholic Apostolate, sponsored by the Paulist Fathers, will take place, Feb. 22, at St. Paul's College, Wash., D.C. It is expected that students from 27 houses of study will hear and take part in discussions on the convert movement and allied fields.

FREUD AND ARISTOTLE • The 35th annual meeting of the American Catholic Philosophical Assn., Buffalo, N.Y., April 4-5, features the theme "Philosophy and Psychiatry." The Cardinal Spellman-Aquinas Medal of the society will be awarded to Rev. James A. McWilliams, S.J., of St. Louis Univ.

NEW SODALITY HEAD • Fr. Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J., for some years (1954-58) business manager of the America Press, has been appointed national promoter of the Sodalities of Our

Lady, with headquarters in St. Louis, Mo. He will also be director of publications of the Queen's Work Publishers.

DECAL • Your children will be delighted to put a decal of Our Lady of Guadalupe on their bookbags, bicycles, bedstead (Empress of the Americas Apostolate, P.O. Box 7123, El Paso, Tex. 15¢. Include self-addressed, stamped envelope).

AUSTRIAN SUMMER • The St. Louis Univ. Center for Human Relations Training and Research will hold its annual workshop in human relations and group guidance at Salzburg, Austria, July 30 to Aug. 31, in co-operation with Loyola U. of Chicago. For further information address Trafford P. Maher, S.J., 221 N. Grand Blvd., St. Louis 3, Mo.

NEW PTA ORGAN • The National Catholic Home and School Assn.,

launched in Sept., 1960, is a promising agency jointly sponsored by the NCCM and the NCCW. Resulting from a reorganization and expansion of existing operations, it is the only national service agency for Catholic associations of parents and teachers. NCHSA offices are located at 1312 Mass. Ave., N.W. Wash. 5, D.C.

FROM CHILE • Students of Fordham College doing their junior year at the Catholic University of Santiago, Chile, have published No. 3 of their mimeo'd reports, *Echoes From Chile* (Fordham Univ. Chilean Program, New York 58, N. Y. 20¢).

AT SECULAR COLLEGES • The 3rd annual National Cardinal Newman Week will be noted throughout the country from Feb. 25 to March 5. An estimated half-million members of Newman Clubs at 800 secular colleges and universities will take part in special academic events recalling the services and ideals of the famed English intellectual and stylist.

R.A.G.

Editorials

Waiting for the Trumpet

THERE ARE SOME risks we can live with and others from which we die. If you have a pussy around the house, you risk cat-scratch disease, a bothersome but not necessarily lethal affliction. Despite the high incidence of cat-scratch sickness all over the world, the *British Medical Journal* recently stated that the risk in having a cat in one's home is not great enough to make us "banish from the fireside one of man's most charming companions." Lung cancer, which statistics link with cigarette smoking, still seems a risk we can fend off with a filter.

We may be too tolerant about the risks we run from cats and coffin nails. But there is no question that as a people we have failed even to begin to comprehend the instant and encompassing perils to which our society and the free peoples of the world are today exposed: in Berlin, in the Congo, in Laos; in the skies and in space; in our self-centered forgetfulness of the needs of the poor and desperate peoples of the earth; in a thousand places and forms and shifting foci of international tension; yes, and right here on our own terrain, when we fail to understand that by turning five Negro children away from a school door we risk alienating the people of a whole continent.

Did we really catch President Kennedy's meaning, in his State of the Union Message, when he spoke of the "harsh enormity" of the trials that lie ahead in the next four years? He said:

Each day the crises multiply. Each day the solution grows more difficult. Each day we draw nearer the hour of maximum danger, as weapons spread and hostile forces grow stronger.

Or again, in the same message, when he said:

Our problems are critical. The tide is unfavorable. The news will be worse before it is better. And while hoping and working for the best we should prepare ourselves for the worst.

It is so easy, within less than a month after these words were spoken, to begin to regard them as mere rhetoric—glorious rhetoric, words fit some day to be carved in stone, perhaps, but rhetoric none the less. The cold and sober fact is that they are not just rhetoric. When the President spoke of the trumpet that today summons us, sounding "a call to bear the burdens of a long twilight struggle year in and year out," he was talking responsibly about something as real as the blood in our veins or the bread on our tables. "Life in 1961," he said on January 30, "will not be easy. Wishing it, predicting it, even asking for it, will not make it so." Have we given real, or only nominal, assent to his proposition that "only with complete dedication by us all to the national interest can we bring our country through the troubled years that lie ahead"?

America • FEBRUARY 25, 1961

Once we have clearly in mind what the President has been trying to tell us, it is our turn to speak to the President. We hope he will continue dinning and drumming his message into still-deaf ears and still-unbelieving minds. And we hope that he will soon speak to us much more specifically. What trails are we to blaze into the New Frontier? What posts are we to man in the "long twilight struggle"? Granted that life in 1961 is not to be easy, whose belts are to be tightened and how much? When do the sacrifice and the dedication begin? We are ready and willing. But just now we are standing around waiting for the Presidential trumpet to call us into more definite formation.

When Comrades Clash

ACCORDING TO Edward Crankshaw, a British expert on communism, the Western powers have lately come into possession of a documented report on the ideological split between Moscow and Peiping. The report is said to have come from a satellite source and is possibly a deliberate Soviet leak. In any case, it indicates that the doctrinal dispute between Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung is deep and bitter, "the outward expression," as Crankshaw said in the London *Observer* on February 12, "of the most serious crisis the Communist party has had to weather" since the revolution of 1917.

Apparently, the struggle for authentic definition and leadership of Communist objectives took shape in 1958; it broke into the open and crystalized in 1960. It was marked by concrete differences on foreign policy, personal and even uncouth recriminations between Khrushchev and Mao, but above all by a basic conflict on the conduct of world communism in the present era. The major clashes may now be summarized under several heads.

1. Khrushchev holds that the Leninist dogma of inevitable war with capitalism is made obsolete by nuclear circumstances. Mao holds that major wars cannot be avoided while capitalism survives.

2. Khrushchev insists that even limited wars are a dangerous gamble for communism. Mao thinks they can and must be waged.

3. The Russian doctrine is that peaceful coexistence is necessary and indubitably beneficial to the Socialist cause. The Red Chinese consider it to be at best a tactical diversion to deceive the West.

4. The Kremlin maintains that support for any "liberation movements" weakens capitalism and contributes to the victory of communism. Peiping says that the support of "bourgeois" (i.e., non-Communist) revolutions is wasteful and ineffective.

5. Mao believes that ours is an epoch of wars and revolutions. Khrushchev teaches that this is an era of capitalist disintegration and of the formation and consolidation of Socialist systems.

If these rifts are genuine, then the declaration which came out of the Moscow conclave of world Communist leaders last December was no more than a paper compromise which, for the sake of appearances, yielded

Soviet communism a primacy of honor on the world scene, but actually left Red China free to go its own way.

Two broad conclusions seem valid when we reflect on this internecine hassle.

First, world communism is passing out of its apostolic age, and the rise of heresiarchs is beginning to pose a major problem of unity. For this we can be thankful. To an immense degree, the success of the Communist conspiracy depends on its vaunted "monolithic solidarity"—one Marxist gospel, one system of party discipline, one propaganda line. Whatever breeds division among the Communist faithful is a boon to the free world.

Secondly, Mr. Khrushchev is "running scared" in his effort to retain leadership of world communism and a fiery dragon is breathing down his back. But his fear of Mao does not mean that he is ready to embrace the West; Khrushchev still intends to bury us, not with bombs, but with subversion, sputniks and bumper potato crops.

One curious question. Granted the Khrushchev-Mao conflict, isn't there a hollow ring in Russia's efforts to bring Red China into the UN? Surely the USSR has no desire to transfer its ideological misfortunes to the world's biggest forum; neither can Khrushchev welcome the thought of Comrade Mao tapping out a chopstick counterpoint to his own shoe-thumping antics.

Clouding the Picture

MISAPPREHENSIONS die hard. In the controversy over the moral state of health of motion pictures, some segments of the press continue to project an image of the National Legion of Decency that is seriously distorted. The current round of the debate about the films and about possible ways to control indecency and immorality in them was touched off by the recent Supreme Court decision on "prior censorship" by a review board in Chicago (AM. 2/4, p. 582). There was soon heard the rumor that the National Council of Churches (Protestant) was considering the establishment of a review board that would examine movie scripts and rate them according to suitability for actual production. In sketching the background to these developments, *Newsweek* (February 13) referred to the Legion as an "organization that can proscribe films for Catholics." The Legion can do no such thing—it is not a legislative body; it can lay down no laws. The purpose of its ratings is to remind Catholics of obligations they already have by virtue of the natural moral law. To say that it can "proscribe" films for Catholics endows it with a menacing power that is totally alien to its spirit.

Again, the *New York Times*, in reporting (February 9) the National Council's deliberations noted above, states that "the Roman Catholic Church, through its National Legion of Decency, maintains script-review liaisons with industry officials. . . ." This is not a fact. The Legion does not engage in prior censorship. As a matter of policy, the Legion *refuses* to judge or rate anything prior to the finished film. As another matter of

fact and of policy, the Legion's office is located in New York, and not in Hollywood, precisely in order to remove it from the center of film-making activities.

These two instances of clouding the picture may not seem very important in themselves, but they serve to underscore a most important element in such discussions in our pluralistic society. If we are to hope for co-operative action, it is imperative that an opponent's stand be fairly and accurately presented. The Legion may not be liked in some quarters, but it ought to be disliked for what it actually is, and not for what it is erroneously thought to be.

Industry Short-Circuited

"HE is a hypocrite," wrote the English essayist William Hazlitt, "who professes what he does not believe; not he who does not practice all he wishes or approves." Though frequently ignored in our moral judgments, this distinction is not without its uses. There is obviously a big difference between human weakness (not always doing what we inwardly approve) and the deliberate deception of others (professing what we do not believe). For the man who falls short of his ideals we may have understanding, and even compassion; for the liar we can have only contempt.

These ideas came tumbling into our minds as we read U.S. District Judge J. Cullen Ganey's pre-sentencing remarks on February 6 in the case of 29 manufacturers of electrical equipment and the 45 corporate officials who were punished for violating the antitrust laws. In the following passage, for instance, in which he drew a distinction between the individual and the corporate defendants, the judge seemed to regard the former as victims of human weakness, the latter as hypocrites. He said that he was convinced

that in the great number of these defendants' cases, they were torn between conscience and an approved corporate policy, with the rewarding objectives of promotion, comfortable security and large salaries—in short, the organization or the company man, the conformist, who goes along with his superiors and finds balm for his conscience in additional comforts and the security of his place in the corporate setup.

This same distinction between the individuals on trial and the top officers of their companies occurred earlier in the judge's remarks. He was not unmindful "that the real blame is to be laid at the doorstep of the corporate defendants and those who guide and direct their policy." As if to answer in advance a claim by General Electric that the corporation, far from imposing a way of life on its employees, had been betrayed by them, Judge Ganey said:

While the Department of Justice has acknowledged that they were unable to uncover probative evidence which could secure a conviction beyond reasonable doubt of those in the highest echelons

of the corporations here involved, in a broader sense they bear a grave responsibility for the present situation, for one would be most naive indeed to believe that these violations of the law, so long persisted in, affecting so large a segment of the industry and, finally, involving so many millions upon millions of dollars, were facts unknown to those responsible for the conduct of the corporation. . . .

Whatever the species of delinquency involved, whether it smacks of hypocrisy or merely of spineless conformism, all these individual and corporate defendants did a disservice to the country as well as to their customers. In the Government's words, they "flagrantly mocked the image of that economic system of free enterprise which we profess . . . and destroyed the model which we offer today as a free-world alternative to state control and eventual dictatorship."

The electrical manufacturing case will not, and should not, end with the fines and jail terms imposed at Philadelphia. There will be, of course, the usual consent decrees, as well as a spate of damage suits by angry customers. On a more positive note, there should also be, as President Kennedy observed in his press conference on February 8, some move by the business community "to lift this shadow from its shoulders." If the National Association of Manufacturers is unable to discipline its erring members, including General Electric, Westinghouse and Allis-Chalmers, at least it could reassure the public that it strongly disapproves of what they did. Then it might set about drawing up a code of ethics which would be something more than a collection of pleasing generalities. For the NAM's Clergy-Industry Relations Department, as well as its Clerical Advisory Council, a job of this kind is not only appropriate; it would also help to justify their existence.

Federal Aid to Education

PRESIDENT John F. Kennedy will soon send a message to Congress proposing a vast program of Federal aid to education. He may have done so by the time this editorial appears. But as we wait, let us raise some questions.

First, is Federal aid to education needed? If it is, we shall support it vigorously. But we are impressed by Roger A. Freeman, vice president of the Institute for Social Science Research, who seriously doubts its need. He has explained why in a recent book, *Taxes for the Schools*, published by the Institute, and in an article last April in *Social Order*. (Reprints @ \$1 per doz. from Citizens for Educational Freedom, 3109 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis 18, Mo.)

As Mr. Freeman points out, the case for Federal aid rests on one proposition. That is, that rapid increases in enrollment are making heavier demands on the elementary and secondary schools than can be met from State and local tax resources.

But in fact, says Mr. Freeman, the heaviest enrollment

increases are almost over. The increase is 1.2 million a year now. But we may expect it to shrink to about 600,000 a year toward the end of this decade. Yet in the past 20 years, while public school enrollment has gone up 42 per cent, public school expenditure has shot up 567 per cent. Even allowing for inflation, these figures make somewhat dubious the alleged inability of localities to support increases in school enrollment.

The famed classroom shortage is likewise doubtful. In December, 1959, Louis Conger, chief of the Projection Section in the U.S. Office of Education, estimated the school construction need in the ensuing ten years at 61,000 classrooms yearly. Classroom construction has in fact been running at a higher rate than that for more than five years already, without Federal aid.

The number and pay of teachers have also been increasing. Between 1953 and 1959, the certified staff in the public schools increased 34 per cent, while the number of pupils grew by only 25 per cent. Teachers' salaries have gone up 40 per cent in constant dollars since 1950.

The National Education Association tells us that we have a teacher shortage of 70,000 or more. But as Christopher Jencks remarks in his review of Mr. Freeman's book (*New Republic*, January 30)—and he is not a sympathetic reviewer—"The truth is that these statistics merely indicate that the NEA would like the steadily improving ratio of teachers to students to improve even faster, and defines any failure to meet its optimal standard as a 'shortage'."

This leads to our second question: Who wants Federal aid? As Mr. Jencks says in the same review, "The only people who consistently favor Federal action are educators of various sorts." The Governors and Legislatures of the several States have shown very little enthusiasm for it.

Why do the educators want Federal aid? Mr. Jencks offers a good reason. There are certain *national* educational needs, such as the production of persons trained in languages and the sciences. Local school boards do not feel these needs as urgent, and Congress must stimulate them. This may be true, but does not justify large-scale and general Federal aid.

Mr. Freeman proposes another and less flattering reason for the educators' yen for Federal aid. While public school enrollment has increased 42 per cent since 1940, the enrollment in privately-supported schools has grown 147 per cent. Hence, he says:

To reverse the 20-year enrollment trend to private schools and to direct it again toward the public schools is one of the major impelling forces in the organized drive for Federal aid. Federal support of the public schools could make private schools less able to compete in terms of teachers' salaries and school facilities, and might gradually tip the scales against them.

We should and will support Federal aid to education to the extent that it is needed. But we still have to be convinced that there is a case for general Federal aid—especially if it is confined to the public schools.

The Church in the Midwest

Robert T. Reilly

ON THE EASTERN seaboard there is a persistent mythology concerning the Midwest. New Yorkers pity our insular existence; Bostonians do not know we are here. If they think of us at all, it is in terms of corn, flatboats and Indian blankets. Occasionally a basketball score reminds them that the frontier has been pierced.

I confess to a similar attitude when, some twenty years ago, my father received notice of a transfer to a strange place on the Missouri River called Omaha, Nebraska. I hurried down to the only cowboy haberdashery in Lowell, Massachusetts, and purchased a silk Western shirt. It was black with pearl buttons and had a pocket embroidered with a branding iron. Only lack of funds prevented me from going all the way and donning the boots, levis and ten-gallon hat which I felt all natives wore.

Following the war and four postwar years in Eastern universities, I returned to the Midwest to stay. My New England friends were incredulous. "My Lord, Omaha!" they gasped. It sounded more like a sentence than an opportunity.

By way of a lesson in civics, may I report that there are cement sidewalks here in the Midwest, not boardwalks. There are skyscrapers and jet airliners and books and museums and symphony orchestras and major league baseball. People drive late-model cars and watch television and know less about six-guns than New Yorkers with more channels to choose from. Fashions are somewhat tardy and election-year jokes arrived here a day late. But—outside of these problems—we are set for the 20th century. Why, at this very moment, Howard Johnson is serving clam rolls in Kansas City!

And, with all of this mundane progress, there is a living, vital Catholicism which must be recognized for the significant part it plays in today's America.

Over 40 per cent of the nation's priests, nuns and seminarians are native Midwesterners. A fourth of the country's missions and mission parishes are here, and a third of the Catholic college students in the United States are registered in the Middle West. About half of the Catholic homes for the aged are located in our 12-State area and 47 per cent of the Catholic hospitals are here. In the parochial school system, we claim 40 per cent of the elementary and secondary schools and 35

per cent of the student population in these institutions.

Let's narrow the focus a notch. Comparing the Eastern seaboard (Maine through the District of Columbia) with the Midwest (Ohio through Kansas), we note a similarity in population totals. There are 47 million inhabitants of the Eastern sector and 48 million in the Midwest. Fair enough?

From Maine through Maryland, 50 per cent of the Catholic students of elementary school age are in parochial schools; the Midwest's figure is 72 per cent. The Catholic high school ratio is 35 per cent to 44 per cent—again in favor of the Middle West.

There are some educational inequities. Although the Catholics of the Midwest contributed 2,000 more nuns than the Eastern seaboard, they have 4,000 less teaching in their schools. Sisters form 64 per cent of the faculties from Maine to Maryland, as against 58 per cent from Ohio through Kansas. This, of course, adds a little extra burden to the farm-belt school budget.

More than twice as many hospital beds are here as compared with the East coast, and patients treated at Midwestern Catholic hospitals outnumber by four to one those treated at Catholic hospitals in the East.

Although behind the East Coast in total Catholic population by some six million, the Midwest secured 10,000 more converts last year and accounted for over a third of the converts in the United States.

In terms of growth the numbers favor the East, but the percentages point to tremendous strides in the Middle West. While realizing that the smaller the base, the easier the multiplication, these statistics still indicate an impressive expansion.

In the past fifty years the Catholic population of Boston has tripled. New York has four times as many Catholics as in 1910 and Baltimore has six times as many.

The Midwest starts from there. Omaha has seven times as many Catholics as it had half a century ago. Dubuque and Milwaukee have eight times as many; Davenport has nine times as many; Cincinnati and Sioux City have ten times as many; Lincoln, Nebraska, has 14 times as many, and Wichita, Kansas, multiplied its early-century total by 38!

These are cold facts. Here are some as warm as a New England boiled dinner.

Seven of the top eight dioceses in terms of per-capita mission giving during 1959 were in the Midwest. Only the Diocese of Wilmington (5th) interrupted the solid line led by St. Louis, Winona, Springfield, Cape Girardeau, Indianapolis, La Crosse, Toledo and St. Cloud.

MR. REILLY, who hails from New England, now has roots deep in the Midwest. The father of eight children, he is director of public relations at Creighton University in Omaha.

The intellectual level may not be as uniformly high here as in some Eastern areas, but we have our share of brilliant scholars, learned priests and talented nuns. Delegates to national educational meetings no longer gape or glare when Midwesterners provoke their attention. They are accepting the fact that new methods and ideas can stem from the once-barren plains. They are becoming students in areas where once they only taught.

Detroit University has the largest Catholic college enrollment, full and part-time, in the United States, and Marquette in Milwaukee has the largest full-time enrollment among the nation's Catholic institutions of higher learning. Notre Dame is a Midwestern giant and St. Louis University possesses the microfilmed Vatican Library in a multimillion-dollar structure dedicated to Pius XII. Creighton University in Omaha, while smaller than those mentioned, is the only Catholic school in America with the full complement of healing arts courses—medicine, dentistry, pharmacy and nursing.

The Catholic press is active here with the *Register* and *Our Sunday Visitor* chains and other Catholic newspaper chains in Milwaukee, Detroit and Cleveland. There is individual excellence among papers in Chicago, Kansas City, Davenport and many other Midwestern cities. *Ave Maria*, *Extension*, *The Catholic Digest*, *The Voice of St. Jude*, *Marriage*, *The Young Catholic Messenger* and dozens of other periodicals call the Midwest home. Among Catholic publishers in this area are Bruce, Pflaum and Fides.

In addition, Chicago should be cited as the center of the lay apostolate. Other cities may claim the laurels, but Chicago's record of activity in a dozen nationally known lay Catholic organizations is difficult to match.

Let's refine our thesis once again and concentrate on a single diocese, the Archdiocese of Omaha. I choose this because it happens to be my diocese—geographically, that is, not canonically.

We have in Omaha, besides Creighton University and two other fine Catholic colleges for women, one of the two or three largest Catholic hospitals in the United States (Creighton Memorial St. Joseph's Hospital), Father Flanagan's world famous Boys Town, the American headquarters of the Columban Fathers and several of the pioneering parishes in perpetual adoration. There are two Catholic Theatre groups and a strong retreat league sponsored primarily by the Columbans but with an assist from the Jesuits and the archdiocese. A modern Catholic Home for the Aged is of recent origin and a new progressive-care hospital is being erected by the Sisters of Mercy.

During the past decade six new parishes have been created within the archdiocese and new construction of hospitals, homes, dormitories, schools, churches, student centers, etc., has amounted to more than \$50 million over a 15-year span.

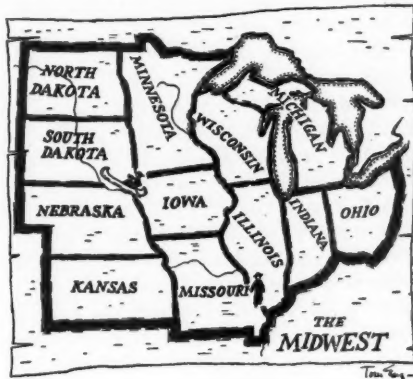
These achievements have been made possible through vigorous leadership and through an unusual spirit of sacrifice and generosity which will stand both scrutiny and imitation. There are few sources of great wealth in

the Archdiocese of Omaha, but the average Catholic citizen more than offsets this lack with his own pattern of contributions.

To see this phase in action we must concentrate on the basic unit of the Church, the parish.

In many an Eastern parish the "buck-a-Sunday" parishioner deposits his single bill with a flourish. The two-dollar man is a positive philanthropist. In our Omaha parish, our Holy Name Society visits members who give two dollars or less and asks them to raise the ante. Sunday envelopes average more than \$3.50 per envelope-

user, and collections in this middle-class parish of a thousand families top the \$3,500 mark. Parishioners have also given generously to special collections, mission collec-



tions, clothing drives and similar charitable activities. In the past year the people have loaned our pastor \$100,000 at 4% in order to reduce our interest. A few years back, close to the same amount was loaned, interest-free, for a year to meet an emergency.

The parish is only six years old and started with 300 founding families. In these few years a church has been erected, followed by a 19-room school, a large gymnasium and a ten-room school addition. Property has been purchased for parking, playgrounds, ice-skating rink, lay teachers' residences and for future building. Total value of the parish holdings amounts to almost \$2 million, and yet the pastor expects the parish to be debt-free within this decade.

The wonderful Catholic people have shouldered this unusual burden—a project of several generations in the East—because they believe in the benefits of Catholic education and they are willing to sacrifice to maintain them. In addition to construction, they must bear the additional cost of a disproportionate number of lay teachers to religious. In our parish the ratio has run as high as two lay teachers to each nun. Because of this sacrifice, they find it difficult to understand why other areas of the country are closing down certain grades and talking about scrapping the entire parochial system. They wonder if this surrender is not too sudden and too simple. What could be accomplished if the same spirit of dedication and self-denial were practiced universally?

This sacrifice doesn't stop with financial aid. The men of this parish have given over 100,000 hours of free labor since the church was built. School desks, pews, the communion rail, Stations of the Cross, the altar itself—all have been purchased second-hand and beautifully refinished by the Holy Name men. Regular work-

ing parties handle the landscaping, the painting, construction of rock walls, window washing, cleanup and general maintenance duties. The pastor runs the tractor and the assistants wield shovels. The women clean the church weekly and handle the lunchroom. Even the children have assignments.

Home and School meetings attract 500, and Holy Name meetings frequently top the 400 mark. There are committees to visit the sick, welcoming committees, disaster committees, financial committees. It's an active parish, a parish that moves ahead. There are young people fired with the apostolic spirit and old timers happy to glimpse that spark again.

In four short years, our school has contributed nearly two dozen vocations.

Even at that, there are parishes which put us to shame. The little Catholic parish at Tekamah, Nebraska, located just south of the Omaha-Winnebaggo Indian Reservation, has but fifty families, but they are in the midst of a \$100,000 school project. Their pastor is no longer a young man, yet he pitches in on the carpentry and electrical work. At the last mission collection these fifty families averaged \$3 per wage earner.

Among Catholics of the Middle West there is a capacity for hard work, real faith and little sophistication. The average parishioner is not involved often enough in current controversies to resent authority. He is seldom anticlerical. In fact, there is a relaxed feeling between clergy and laity with no barriers of awe or condescension.

The faith is more simple and basic. There are fewer private devotions, but there is a love of the Mass and the sacraments. Vigil lights and novenas are less common than frequent communions and study clubs.

Midwesterners seem to sense what is right and proper and proceed without regard for the social conventions. They can sometimes be prudish but they are more often open and generous. Easterners and learning may be suspect in some quarters, but people out here will give you an opportunity to prove yourself.

Few of them remember with bitterness any religious struggles. There are seldom any community scars. In Lowell, Massachusetts, my relatives still point out the bridge over the canal where some determined Irishmen of a past generation defended St. Patrick's Church against the A.P.A. In Omaha there were similar struggles, but one knows of them only through researching old copies of the diocesan weekly. Bigotry here is a personal thing, not a group exercise. Schools are integrated and school staffs are integrated. A recent gift of \$1.25 million to Creighton University came from a board composed of non-Catholic, non-alumni members.

There is out here, above all, a pioneer spirit—a missionary spirit—that remains like the rutted wagon tracks in the Nebraska sand hills. Dedicated priests minister to the Indians under primitive conditions, and many young clerics live a solitary existence in vast expanses of this sometimes lonely country. Signs along the roadside tell of Sunday Mass in remote communities, and the farmers and ranchers drive great distances to attend—sometimes 75 miles or more. Churches are likely to be ranch-style or old “steamboat gothic,” rather than imitations of Euro-

pean architecture. Tithing may be done in crops or livestock in some areas. Everywhere there is this relationship to the soil, this earthiness about the people and their faith. Even in the urban centers, the mark of the plow is on the softest hands, and the hot sun of the plains has branded all men alike with a special fervor.

This is the Middle West of Father De Smet and Père Marquette. This is the land of dust and loneliness, of broad skies and sudden storms, of broken arrows deep in peaceful fields. In the 19th century the prelates of the Eastern seaboard cautiously gambled on the Middle West. Their return could be characteristically symbolized in this heart of America by the fields white for the harvest, rich and plentiful and with roots that go deep.

In half a century we have come of age to take our place with the remarkable centers of the East where the faith was tested, where it triumphed and where it reached out into the Great American Desert to be reborn again.

Second Thoughts

HIMSELF ON PAPER

THIS YEAR the Marquette University College of Journalism is noting its 50th anniversary, and I would be something of an ingrate were I to let the occasion pass without recording publicly my own debt to the college and to the great man who has been its dean for the last 32 years, Jeremiah L. O'Sullivan.

My first contact with Dean O'Sullivan was in October, 1945. I was 25, just a month out of the Air Force, and determined to take advantage of the G.I. Bill of Rights to secure a college education. But I was undecided whether it would be journalism at Marquette or business and finance at Pennsylvania.

After weighing the matter, I followed natural inclination. I called Dean O'Sullivan just a few weeks before the opening of the November, 1945 trimester. Could I still be admitted?

“Sure, come on down,” boomed the deep voice of O'Sullivan at the other end of the long-distance line.

Even in those days of relatively little admission red tape, I was impressed by the ease and alacrity with which Dean O'Sullivan cut through it.

This mark of realism, of utter objectivity, of the dean and his school, the relegation of the administrative ritualism and formalism of the academy to a distinctly subordinate role in education, seemed to me then exactly right for 25-year-old, married, four-year military veterans who were college freshmen and who had a lot of intellectual “catching up” to do. It seems to me now that it is also eminently right under any circumstances. Administrative rules and operating regulations in a university are not made to be broken. But they are made to serve the teaching and learning process, and if they do not do that, they must be set aside.

In those days, Dean O'Sullivan waived rules freely.

The mature war veterans with demonstrable writing facility were excused from the freshman English composition course.

Students engaged in writing novels were excused from attendance in the reporting class, though they did have to make periodic progress reports to the dean.

A second and greater quality in Dean O'Sullivan is his compassion.

On one occasion when the heating system in one of the old postwar barracks classrooms broke down on a winter day, Dean O'Sullivan, overcoat and muffler still on, began lecturing to the students in the cold room. After a moment or two, he closed his notebook, reached for his hat and rasped: "Class dismissed. Let's go get a cup of hot coffee."

A student once made the mistake—in a personality-profile writing assignment—of poking fun at the physical features of the person he was describing. This occasioned an impromptu, unforgettable lecture by the dean on charity and the hideousness of its opposite.

We came to see, in the course of a year's time in O'Sullivan's reporting class, that the Negroes, the poor, all the "little" people whom a bourgeois society either despises or ignores, were of inestimable worth and dignity; indeed, that in a sense it was impossible to separate their dignity and their suffering which purified and fortified it. This understanding we received not in the form of sermons from Dean O'Sullivan but in the way he naturally responded, as a man, to persons and events that either challenged or supported his convictions.

When Richard Davis of the Milwaukee *Journal* wrote his classic editorial on the concert by Marian Anderson in Milwaukee, he described a concert that saw wealthy whites and the impoverished Negroes of the community united in the Milwaukee Auditorium for an hour in their mutual love of great art and a great artist, but then separated after the concert, the Negroes returning to their Sixth Ward ghetto and the whites to their comfortable homes. Dean O'Sullivan read the editorial the next day in class as an unequaled example of contemporary rhetoric, which it was. But it was also a powerful, burning lesson in the bitter irrationalities of racism.

One of the legitimate pleasures—needful stimulants, indeed—of college literary life is literary conversation, argument and discussion, but this can also be fatal to literary production. It is temptingly easy to pretend one is immersed in the mainstream of literary life when all one is doing is playing the crow, attracted to the glittering fascination of mere talk.

Dean O'Sullivan never discouraged literary conversation. But he kept it "honest" by demanding a piece of written work—short story, essay, poem, article—three times a week for every one of the 40 weeks in his reporting class. If he'd had a motto, I suppose it would have been: "Writing's the Thing."

It was Dean O'Sullivan who introduced us to the world of H. A. Reinhold, Dorothy Day, George Shuster and Don Sturzo, not to mention Milton Mayer, Heywood Brown and Gerald Vann, and Bernanos, Bloy and Péguy. Down in Chicago, John Cogley and James O'Gara were starting a Catholic monthly, *Today*, for

high school and college readers; and Ed Willock and Carol Jackson were starting *Integrity*, which, before it published indefensible last-word tracts on technology, communications and advertising, printed incomparable translations of Cardinal Suhard's incomparable pastoral letters on postwar, post-Christian man in this century.

And Dean O'Sullivan was bringing all this very exciting material into class and into our lives and we began to see that writing, if it was to ring true, could not be merely a detached exercise of the man called Writer. It had to involve the man himself, his most fundamental convictions, but, at an even more elemental level, it had to be torn from him and be a part of himself on paper.

If writing is a vocation, Dean O'Sullivan seemed to be saying, then it is the man who is called, not simply his writing skill or technique. And it does matter, contrary to the cynical journalist's pretext of unconcern, it does matter "how things turn out." The journalist is not, then, simply an observer of contemporary history, he is a part of it, and what he writes, or fails to write, helps to give that history its final shape and significance.

What Dean O'Sullivan was interested in producing was not neutralist technicians, but men who cared and who had the competence and craftsmanship to lead others to care. If he had not constructed and developed a curriculum for journalists that was 75-per-cent liberal arts and, even in its formally journalistic area, heavily weighted on the side of the principles of writing and publishing as these relate to man and society, I doubt whether many of the 2,500 or 3,000 young men and women who studied under Dean O'Sullivan would have learned to "care" or would have understood the radically spiritual nature and social irreplaceability of the journalist and his vocation.

DONALD McDONALD

ALTAR BOYS

There have been times when I have said that life would be a breeze if God had made some little boys who combed their hair, put polish on their shoes, and learned to walk without a bounce, and genuflect as though all those arms and legs belonged to them. Yet even as I fret, I know these servers are just right. A sandaled boy from Nazareth could stumble with them when they move the book, and pudgy fingers that planed raw wood until it covered floor with useless curls were much like these which change lavabo into trickling elbow wash; while scratched and maybe mended wrists that turn to ring a bell to let men know that God is here, are not unlike the tender joints which grew in strength to serve the God-made-man on a hill outside Jerusalem.

SISTER MARY JOHN DE N.D.

Southern Phenomenon

Brother Luke, F.S.C.

MEMPHIS—*The fascinated observers of the gradual advance made by the Southern Negro have seen the path to civil rights take some bizarre and unexpected turns. Undoubtedly during the months since the battle at Central High School in Little Rock and the worst times under Faubus, a great deal has been accomplished. Token integration of many schools has been grudgingly accepted—near at hand here, for example, in both the University of Tennessee and Memphis State University. Since July the Brooks Art Gallery, the Overton Park Zoo and the Public Library, all here in Memphis, were opened to Negroes for the first time. However, this fall the gracious and sophisticated Catholic city of New Orleans suddenly erupted over integration of public grade schools in an ugly demonstration that shocked the nation. Advances are made; but reaction follows.*

Despite the continued activity of segregationists, definite progress has been evident. Perhaps as a result, a curious phenomenon is developing: a rather hysterical campaign that, under the guise of fighting communism, aims its sights, in many cases indiscriminately, at any liberal thought. The troubles over segregation can offer Communists a wonderful opportunity for aligning themselves with respectable liberal forces and stirring up unrest. With communism a real threat in Cuba only ninety miles from the U.S. mainland; with unaccountable and, to some, frightening continuance of U.S. aid to such foreign risks as Tito; with the ominous spread of communism in Laos—with all of these circumstances there is every reason to root out any comforters of the Communists.

On the other hand, in the name of patriotism

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it is possible to equate all responsible, intelligent investigation of ideas—including the consideration of civil rights—with subversion. The tragedy of such oversimplification was illustrated dramatically to me in the experience of a correspondent of mine. A Jewish intellectual from New York, he had been sent for business reasons to settle in a small Southern town. Here he began, as a source of relaxation and enjoyment, a book-discussion group, little realizing the repercussions his organization would cause.

In short order, attacks began to come. But the series of events is better told, perhaps, in his own words, taken from letters written over about a year. On May 13, 1960, after almost a year of meetings with his discussion group, he wrote me the following letter. BROTHER LUKE

* * *

I DON'T KNOW where the winter went to; but with three kids, my work, and the discussion group, I have been pretty busy. All season long we have had good attendance and a wonderful time with the discussions. Even during the local epidemic of flu we always had at least ten and most of the time twelve to fifteen members. We have had several new ones join during the year.

All in all we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on the fact that not only had we had a successful, enjoyable and intellectually stimulating first year, but that it would surely continue next year. As I wrote you earlier in the year, we had some complaints that we were a Communist organization—I guess because we have discussed the Declaration of Independence; but at your suggestion we just ignored the whole thing.

Several weeks ago we received notice from the Chamber of Commerce, where we meet, that from now on all groups would have to pay for use of space for meetings. I explained this to our group and one of the members got the idea that we had been asked to remove ourselves because of the Communist charges. As a result of this rumor, it looks now as though most of the group will not rejoin.

Let me try to explain this. It seems that a "spirit of fear" has swept into our town with a vengeance, and it is a horrible thing to behold. There are several reasons

for this new feeling. First of all is the fact that it is a small insular town where new ideas or the investigation of old ones is not popular; there is no college, no adequate library; and the populace is largely uneducated. (These, of course, were some of the reasons for organizing our group in the first place.)

Second, there is a "Council for Better Government" which spends its time denouncing just about everything from integration to voting rights. Some of us call them the "witch hunters" or the "lunatic fringe" and ignore them; others, while realizing that their charges are not accurate or factual, still fear to join any group that they frown on; many believe everything the council has to say.

There is one member of the council who is particularly rabid: he spends his time distributing astonishing literature (more of that later) and making muddled anti-Communist speeches—according to him, the Communists are the only ones behind integration. Among the things he has done is to bring a rabble rouser to town, an ex-minister of unsavory reputation (he was thrown out of his church) who uses the small town as his pulpit now. According to him, the government is Communistic, the schools are Communistic, the libraries are Communistic, even the churches are Communistic. The lectures he gives are packed, and a good percentage of the people believe every word he says. "Everything was documented," they naively protest.

In addition to this, we had a very unfortunate episode relating to a series of psychological tests given in the Junior High School. In this case I can understand the furor to some extent. The questions were slanted in favor of desegregation. (The approach was apparently rather simplistic, as though no problems were involved in granting civil rights; the questions were so worded that anyone who failed to accept absolute and immediate integration appeared to be violating human rights.) But the parents were in such a rage that they got hold of the tests, had a demonstration and literally burned the tests in a bonfire.

The third contributing factor in this "climate of fear" was the sit-in at the local dime store. (Several colored students, protesting segregated lunch counters, went in a body to the store; this was at a time when such sit-ins were sweeping the South.)

Anyway, at the moment, our rabble rouser has the town in the palm of his hand. Those who do not believe him are afraid of him. He has formed an "anti-Communist club" and is really going to town. He seems to go from one hate to another from year to year; but this time he has hit on one that is really paying off. All in all it's pretty horrible.

Although none of our group really believe what he has to say—which is, generally, that communism infests our nation—some go by the theory that "where there is smoke there is fire," and others are afraid of public opinion. For a few days I counted myself among them. Being new in the community, a Northerner and a Jew, I feared my children and wife would be ostracized. However, I recovered and we are now ready to go down fighting.

In July, he sent another letter which detailed the progress/regress of the town spirit and his fight to keep his discussion group going. He wrote on this occasion:

I'm just getting around to my correspondence. We moved to a new house on June 1 (our old one was finally sold), and then I took my wife and the kids up to visit with my family in New York for a few weeks. It was a breath of fresh air. I get pretty desperate about it sometimes.

My fears were well grounded. Our group met for its final discussion for the year. It was on the *Communist Manifesto*. As you know, the reading was scheduled for earlier in the year, but the group had decided to hold it off till the end (to cut off the possibility of trouble) and also not to advertise it in any unnecessary way. Only eight persons showed up, and they didn't even want to discuss the reading. They felt that since we hadn't notified the general public through the newspaper, it would be considered a conspiracy. That evening was about as unpleasant a one as I have ever spent. They were simply bound up in fear!

I talked to some people in town whom I respect, and the consensus of opinion was that we should go ahead even with a small group. On the other hand, no one was willing to come out openly and back us. Then I went to talk to the head of the library here. She is a fighting old girl who generally has the courage of her convictions. She thought the whole thing was a tempest in a teapot and said she would take it up with the board of directors at the annual meeting of the Library Association and see if we could meet there. My faith in human nature and the possibility of freedom of investigation were revived to some extent when the board voted unanimously to let us meet there. Of course, now the problem remains of how to build up our group again, as six (what we had left after the charges began flying) is hardly an adequate number.

Meanwhile, the council was given use of the town square to open its own publicity offices, with the Mayor present at the opening ceremonies. It distributes tracts that are largely hate-literature: one of them is *Wanted for Impeachment: Earl Warren, Traitor to Our Country* (for his part in the desegregation decision); another is *The Truth About the United Nations* (that it is loaded with Communists who use it as a tool). They are masterpieces in the use of the half-truth. When I went to New York, I showed the tracts to a friend at the UN, and he said, as you did, that you can't fight by answering back. That is easy for you people to say when you don't live here. After all, you are in a university town, and New Yorkers have little contact with such concentrated stuff. To my mind it is going to get a lot worse before it gets better—if it ever does. As long as the integration fight is in progress, some Southerners are willing to believe anything if it gives them ammunition in their fight to "retain our traditional way of life."

If you have any wise bits of philosophy, please pass them along. I sure need them.

Despite obstacles in reorganizing, the group was again meeting in the fall. But difficulties were still growing. My correspondent writes:

This second year our discussion group has had three sessions so far and, although the group is considerably smaller, it is much more cohesive than last year's. The ones who came back believe strongly in the right to disagree, and the new members fit right in. We have had an average attendance of ten and the conversation is active. But I lost my co-leader along with the other people who fear community pressure. Three or four of those who are afraid to come actually do the readings and call me up after the discussion to find out what we talked about.

Our opponents have been putting pressure on the library board to evict us again, but so far they have not been successful. Up until now I had avoided open controversy, but recently I got so annoyed that I wrote a letter to the paper. A group of us had had our pictures in the paper waving Uncle Sam hats and asking people to register to vote—we all received anonymous letters with the usual charges of our being troublemakers. Then last week when I wrote a publicity piece for the paper on our next meeting (to discuss Homer's *Odyssey*), the editor of the paper insisted that I sign the article. Why, I don't know—is even Homer suspect these days? My wife recently asked: "When does the lynch

mob arrive?" I sometimes tell myself that it's not a joke.

In December, the tone of his letter was still grim, but he had, after all, managed, I think, to maintain his integrity and courage under tremendous pressure; and there are many to rally to his support:

The rumor is still going around town that we are a Communist cell, which I guess is par for the course. However, it still annoys me no end. It seems some misguided soul read an article which indicated that our discussion group is supported by a Communist-dominated fund. Even a friend of mine had doubts since, as he said, "the magazine that published the charge was not sued for libel!" Some reason! The group chuckled over the idea when they heard about it last week, and one of them said after a few minutes: "Well, let us proceed, Comrades!" This got a big laugh. However, I don't know what would happen if the story were to make the rounds.

What can one do? I am opposed to everything the Communists stand for in practice and principle, yet am lumped with them for standing up for the very ideas that make democracy. What greater danger can there be to our way of life, after all, than fear of seeking the truth?

His question is not easy to answer.

Opinion Worth Noting

REFLECTIONS ON CONTEMPORARY RELIGIOUS ART

The following remarks, recently heard "down under" over the radio facilities of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, form a précis of two talks delivered by Fr. J. P. Kenny, S.J., professor of theology and liturgy, and secretary of the Commission for Sacred Liturgy, Music and Art of the Archdiocese of Sydney. We gratefully acknowledge the permission granted by ABC to reprint them here.

IF WITH AN OPEN mind you do the rounds of contemporary art shows, you will find, not seldom, originality and imagination. Sloughing off nonessentials, the modern artist addresses us through a stark simplicity of form. Much modern art is strong and intellectual; seldom, if ever, is it sentimental like the art of the last century. In the onlooker it works like a catalyst: it may provoke his contempt or fan his enthusiasm; never does it leave him indifferent.

You will, however, also encounter less admirable qualities. While I write as an advocate of modern art in our churches,

I do not shut my eyes to some blemishes in it that mar its suitability for religious expression. Four of these I shall mention:

1. Not rarely, contemporary art is blatant, unalloyed self-expressionism. Of course, every artist needs breathing room for reasonable self-expression. But today every extravagance is justified by an appeal to the sacred name of self-expression. You cannot have healthy art when the artist cabins himself within the airless hole of his own egoism: too much self, not enough expression.

2. Too much pure subjectivism: no effort is made to speak in a language

that the man of good will can grasp. Intelligible symbols and clues are withheld. While there is no commonly accepted definition of art, everyone should admit that it is a communication between creator and beholder; art is essentially social and outward-looking. It is the mark of the madman exclusively to address himself. To refuse to make art a bridge of communication is to reduce it to sterility.

3. Much modern art rides roughshod over the dignity of the human person. Against rank and offensive distortions one must protest; they amount to a cult of the ugly for its own sake. Yet uninformed critics are too glib in bloc condemnation of all distortion. Where it is functional, springing from the artist's creative role of selecting and stressing, it is inalienable from true art. Remember El Greco.

4. Exhibitions of modern art abound in paintings that are merely technical exercises, experiments in spatial relations, essays in tensions of greens and whites. Instead of grappling with problems of real significance, many a modern

artist dissipates his talents in what is comparatively trifling. Too often the modern artist has a low concept of the artist's status. He has been endowed by God with a beauty-making power enabling him to sway his fellow man.

In concrete terms, the problem of modern art can be stated thus: "How can we most suitably decorate the churches we are building today?"

Two principles govern the solution. First, because we are dealing with God's house, we must sincerely aim at the best within our means.

Second, art in church has a task to do. Elsewhere, art may be displayed to adorn, move, delight, amuse. In a church, however, art is set up to the glory of God, in order to teach religious truth in the way most appealing and accessible to the congregation. Art is there to help prayer, to stir devotion, to evoke a mood in which prayer comes more readily.

The problem receives no solution from art alone. The quicker we rid our churches of commercialized art the better. In 1952 the Holy Office in Rome enjoined that stereotyped art be banned from church. Mechanically produced objects of piety can hardly be classed as genuine art, vital, creative, personal. Moreover, commercialized art is prone to inculcate false ideas: it presents our Lord and the saints as weak and sentimental, and our Lady with the empty, fatuous prettiness of a doll. Obviously, we should train ourselves to be not less, but much more, critical and exacting about the excellence of all things connected with God's service.

Again, the problem of contemporary religious art cannot be met by resorting to copies and reproductions of masterpieces of the past. There is a place for such reproductions, but it is the school, the library, the cultural center—not the church. If we depend on them we shall never have in our churches an art that is vitally instructive. Today we are troubled with our own special problems; we have our own accent and emphasis. To decorate our modern churches with works that slavishly imitate the past is to dull and enervate the message our people have a right to hear.

But can 20th-century art do service in our churches? Plainly the answer must be No whenever it labors under the defects mentioned above. Properly pruned, there is no reason why it should

not be used. Where you have the enlightened patronage of the pastor commissioning the artist, symbolic art can become an admirable vehicle for doing what the art of the Church should do.

THROUGHOUT the history of art, movements tend either toward symbolism or toward representation. Representational art aims at giving a faithful copy of nature, at mirroring it; it is realistic. At its best it gives us the treasures of Greek and Renaissance art; at its worst, the chocolate-box girl and mawkish Christmas cards. Most people today still naively assume that the only aim an artist can have is to imitate the outward appearance of things. Given such a premise, the camera is the consummate artist.

The alternative trend toward symbolism and abstraction is not concerned with reporting superficial aspects of things. It grapples with ideas; it is intellectual; it seeks the core of reality. It concentrates, selects, even deliberately blurs details in the interest of what is deeper. At its best, this second trend has produced the classic art of ancient Egypt, China, Persia, the Russian icons. So far as Christianity goes, the majority and the greatest of authentically Christian art currents manifest a predilection



for symbolism as against representation. For example, Romanesque, Coptic, Gothic and Byzantine.

Byzantine art offers you perhaps the heyday of Christian art. From the sixth-century mosaics in Ravenna to the thirteenth-century ones of St. Mark's, Venice, it formed a chief channel for the Christian message. Strictly liturgical art is mostly abstract. You have only to recall vestment decorations: the IHS, the Alpha and Omega, the Chi-Rho, the fish, the cross.

When you ask: representational or symbolic art, which can better serve to adorn our modern churches—reflection

will prompt the answer: *symbolism*. It is, in fact, the ascendant idiom of our age.

If you wish to avoid shallowness in Christian art, you will demand some elements of symbolism and abstraction. There is nothing superficial about the truths of Christianity. If what purports to be a work of Christian art makes no demands whatever on your intelligence, you will wisely suspect it of distorting truth by emptying it of its proper content.

The purely representational cannot, in fact, bear the brunt of conveying the mysteries of our faith. Take the familiar Guido Reni *Crucifixion*. It is an acclaimed Renaissance masterpiece; the flesh is portrayed with eloquence and mastery. But what does Guido Reni give us? Only a handsome athlete on a cross. What does he communicate of the mystery of God-in-the-flesh dying for men?

IF YOU PLUMP for a representational solution, the ideal could well be Ingrid Bergman as she appeared in the film on Joan of Arc. Yet all of us feel that there is no room in a church for Ingrid as Joan. We feel this, not only because Ingrid's life is less edifying than St. Joan's, but because the function of sacred art is not to tell you what a person looked like; its function is to be a symbol of faith.

Hence it is irrelevant to protest against a series of Stations of the Cross that the costumes are out of period and anachronistic; or that (as archeologists say) the Victim carried only the cross-beam, not the whole cross. The instinct of truly Christian artists throughout the ages is generally sounder than that of many critics.

When I advocate using modern symbolic art, I must not be understood as holding a brief unreservedly for abstract art in our churches. One must distinguish between semiabstract and purely abstract art.

Semiabstract art involves no serious difficulty, and seems supported by history as the ideal medium for religious expression.

But purely abstract art is harder to justify. It can, of course, be genuine art—not only in wallpapers, carpets and clothes, but also in paintings, mosaics and stained glass. Nevertheless, it easily succumbs to two temptations that are damaging to Christian art: pure sub-

jectivism and the implicit denial of the Incarnation.

Christianity is not a vague pantheism nor an empty, pious emotionalism. Its world is objective; it pivots around real, historical personages and events. Its message and truths are clear-cut, even when sublime to the pitch of mystery. When, therefore, an artist takes the Passion or Resurrection for his theme, he must convey objectively, and as luminously as possible, a sense of the particular mystery.

Again, one cannot but look askance at the artist who always slams the door shut on every figurative motif. Such a

ruthless attitude suggests a repudiation of the Incarnation. For this mystery states precisely that the Word of God was made flesh and dwelt among us; that the Invisible became visible by taking the nature of man, with man's outward, sense-perceptible form. The artist who truculently and on principle debars from his work even a formalized or stylized figure of Christ can hardly proclaim with conviction this truth, the hub of human history.

But some nonfigurative art may be quite satisfactory religiously. It may, for example, evoke a mood stimulating prayer and devotion. This is brilliantly

achieved in much of the modern stained glass of Germany, France and Switzerland. Bits of glass are arranged in patterns and concrete poured in between; panels thus formed can be built into walls blazing with color and giving to a church a unique atmosphere conducive to prayer and the praise of God.

As in other matters, so in art, the Church is no friend to stagnation. Christian art is truly in touch with its traditions only when it is ready to be contemporary. All the great styles of art fostered by the Church were in their own day modern.

J. P. KENNY

Escape From Skid Row *C. J. McNaspy*

THE HOMELESS MAN, by whatever name he is called, has always been with us and has almost always been neglected. If he is physically or mentally ill, we can to a point care for him, but what do we do for the vagrant, the social derelict, the down-and-outer, the bum? Yet, as a shuffling symbol of the loneliness that is the human condition, he disturbs us, and we feel the need to do something.

I was recently privileged to visit what may be the most original large-scale welfare effort for homeless men. On Route 17, just an hour's drive north of the George Washington Bridge, in the rolling foothills of New York State's Catskills, is Camp La Guardia. Operated by the New York City Department of Welfare, the camp has in its 26 years been a home for 104,947 men who, for a time at least, knew no other.

In its unique blend of pathos and hope Camp La Guardia is hard to picture. It fits into no usual pattern of prison, hospital, asylum or rehabilitation center of other American cities. Here are no walls, barbed wire or bars. Apart from a designated retiring hour, the only regulation is spelled out quite simply: "All men at Camp La Guardia are expected to observe the normal rules of good conduct." The astonishing fact, from all I was able to observe and ascertain from many interviews, is that this rule has rarely been violated. As a staff member assured me: "In all my years here I have never had to raise my voice."

What sort of men enter this unusual haven? Homeless older men (largely in their fifties or sixties) who are in substandard health or "who might be expected to

benefit from a regulated camp life." They enter and leave at will, following selection by the Camp La Guardia Referral Unit, at the Men's Shelter, 8 East Third St., New York City. They range from illiterates to professional men. Many come from the gutters and flophouses of Manhattan's Bowery.

A surprising feature of the camp is its modest and effective budget. Within the limits and capabilities of their physical condition the men are expected to participate in the operation and upkeep. Thus only 46 staff members (including those who work part time) are required to care for a group of 1,050. The camp operates on a \$2.11 per capita daily allotment.

Seemingly persons with a strong sense of vocation, the staff members are concerned to create an atmosphere of high morale and self-help. Private interviews with a number of men, chosen at random and with respect for anonymity, revealed a cheerfulness and contentment that I did not expect in an institution for unfortunates. Even the food elicited nothing but praise. Examining the dietary program, I found it imaginative and well balanced, with no repetition in a single month. Yet, owing to careful administration and co-operative-ness, the cost of a meal averages only 23.2 cents per man.

Work assignments are minimal and vary according to health and previous experience. In addition there are programs in useful arts and crafts, woodworking, ceramics, leather work, painting, weaving, jewelry making and the like. Recreational facilities are abundant and well planned. Four large, comfortable rooms with television are very much used. Chess, pool, billiards, dominoes and various card games are popular, and periodic tournaments are arranged to stimulate interest. I found the library a favorite with many men, with its thousands

FR. McNASPY, S.J., assistant editor, spent a full day interviewing the officials and clientele of the unique institution he describes.

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of volumes and a wide selection of magazines, *Opera News* among them. Movies, bingo games or participation programs are offered almost every evening.

All of this is part of a considered effort at general rehabilitation. Upon arrival each man is given a full physical examination and meets a staff of social service personnel who help him plan for a beneficial stay at the camp. Medical, dental and optical equipment are modern and available free of charge. The infirmary is staffed with a physician, two registered nurses and one practical nurse. Cleanliness and personal hygiene are urged. The men are provided with good clothes. On a very cold day I found the buildings well heated.

Despite their own status in life, the men seemed uniformly responsive to the friendliness and personal dedication of staff members. They feel, I believe, that they are treated as persons, not as statistics. Catholic, Protestant and Jewish chaplains are frequent visitors and provide regular spiritual ministrations. A chapel is always open for prayer, and I found a number of men there throughout the day. A great percentage of the men being alcoholics, a principal agency of rehabilitation is Alcoholics Anonymous. Their very active program includes closed meetings every Wednesday night and an open one every Friday. Many of the men profit by this help.

The staff members' delicacy showed itself in many ways. Camp La Guardia is always simply "the camp," not a "hospital" or "home." The men are referred to, not as "inmates" or "patients," but as "clients." The quality of clothing given the clients promotes self-respect. The men working in each department took a special pride in showing me how fine their facilities were. A client pointed out that the bakery that serves them serves the finest clubs in New York. Moreover, as a symbol of dignity and independence, a slight money allotment is given the clients to allow them to make small purchases in the camp canteen, yet not enough to tempt them to leave the camp to buy alcoholic drinks.

On the debit side, it must be admitted that, in spite of enormous effort and skill, permanent cures from vagrancy are rare. The A.A. program has rehabilitated only from five to ten per cent. The trouble is, of course, that when the men leave the camp they have little to turn to. Accordingly, many remain in camp for years; others sometimes relapse and return to Skid Row. Looked at simply from the viewpoint of recovery, Camp La Guardia may seem rather unrewarding, even disheartening.

However, the significant fact about Camp La Guardia is the actual good being done *now*. During winter months especially, many of the clients would otherwise go through unspeakable misery, perhaps dying or being hospitalized at public expense, or even turning to crime in distress. These are homeless men, uprooted, basically "lonesome individuals" (as one of them put it), with no apparent place in society at a period of life when most men are past their peak. Yet, at Camp La Guardia these sad men receive many human benefits, for a cost to the average citizen of New York City of less than a subway token per year. Were these same men in jail

or other institutions, the cost to society would be many times greater. In terms of sheer self-interest, Camp La Guardia is a profitable investment by the city. But only God knows the good done by this corporate corporal work of mercy. Its formula could be well looked into, and I believe adopted, by some twenty other large American cities.

WITH THE PERMISSION of one of the clients of Camp La Guardia, we publish below an unusual human document, written specifically for AMERICA readers. Its author is a graduate of a distinguished Catholic college and of a well-known law school, and was formerly a regular subscriber to this Review. In a covering note he explains that he has read very little of recent years, and then he goes on to tell why.—Ed.

I HAVE no home, occupation or foreseeable career. With my roommate, a Negro, I share a double-deck bunk and a common alcoholic problem. My companions here are the dregs of this country's numerous Skid Rows, their lives blighted and bodies ravaged by alcohol. We are the men who drank too much too often. All the social strata are found in our motley group: professionals, white-collar workers, skilled craftsmen, unskilled, the disabled and the bum. We have one empty solace. Existence here is more desirable than in the lice-infested flophouses of the Bowery. Survival is made less grim.

This was not always my way of life.

My first two undergraduate years of college were the last two years of Prohibition. This presented no barrier to college boys on a lark. Speak-easies were able and willing to provide gin, beer or what was called rye. The crisp autumn air of a football Saturday was provocation enough for a round of drinks. Full enjoyment of this extracurricular activity was as exciting to me as a well-executed play. Numerous weekends throughout the academic year were occasions for fraternal beer sessions where camaraderie was intensified and the tempo of intimate conversation bound men closer. We simply assumed this was college life in the Heidelberg tradition: a harmless, relaxing diversion from books. These were the halcyon days that even today lurk snugly in my memory. Proms and class balls were merely a more formal extension of our innocent binges.

On reflection, I experienced through this period the allure of alcohol and the transformation of personality it effected. It was a valuable asset to overcome teen-age gaucherie. Besides, it was *being done*—a norm that made it right for me. A trifling morning nausea from time to time was expected and quickly passed. All of this was fun, and the college years did not establish a serious involvement with alcohol in any form. Graduation day was gay and marked by high academic awards and the thrill of acceptance at the Harvard Law School.

My first year at Harvard passed swiftly. Alcohol played no significant role in the serious business of professional preparation. The next two years, however, were not to be so innocuous. With a well-organized system of study and irregular attendance at lectures, I found more leisure. I got acquainted with Boston and people. More time was spent in the bars. At an increasing number of parties liquor was in abundant supply and I drank without stint. Hangovers were now commonplace and blackouts were not unknown. I sought out only those friends who shared my thirst and appreciated the glow from tipping. A compulsion was generating beyond my conscious recognition. The effort to read and digest legal material was painful. My love for the law and desire to get into active practice were urgently real, but so was my appetite for whisky. Though perplexed by this dilemma, I managed to obtain my degree. Immediately I undertook a six-week cram course for the bar examination of the State in which I planned to live and work.

Despite a creditable history of scholarship and unquestionable training, the results of the bar examination were disastrous. I had prepared in the bistros and clubs. I had yielded to the bottle. Compulsion had dealt the first of many defeats. It was an additional six months before I became an attorney.

About this time my father was elevated to the bench, and I inherited an enviable and most lucrative clientele. I married, established a home and was blessed with two children. Success and security seemed assured. My practice was general, varied and challenging. During the war years I served with reasonable distinction in the office of the U.S. Attorney. I was actively engaged in the civic life of the community and exuded an image of solidity. The image was built on sand.

One compelling effect of dereliction is to strip naked the soul of a man. For me it reveals a mirage of false values, destructive trends and spiritual malignancy. With cunning and stealth, alcohol became the balm for all problems. I used it to solve petty annoyances, domestic difficulties, professional vexations and—at either end of a mood swing—depression or elation. I drank without regard for its impact on my wife, friends or associates. Daily, after office hours, I repaired to a favorite bar and imbibed without restraint or economy. The taste, appearance and effect of whisky consumed me with a feeling of well-being that I got from nothing else. This was the elixir that made love, sacrifice and honor seem a drab array of barren virtues. I was caught.

The world in which I moved began to disintegrate. At home it was evidenced by a series of separations and tearful reconciliations. Spending began to exceed income and obligations mounted. Drinking became a real avocation. Loyalty to my wife, profession and business alliances got to be a mockery. I was no longer a dynamic, aggressive figure in the legal forum but just a tragic, unprincipled lush. I had no honor left. My marriage blew up in drunken anger. Embittered, hostile and alone, I drifted into the alcoholic's world of anonymity.

In ten years at least five opportunities to regain

status, prestige and decency came my way. These were exceptional chances, where no penalty had to be paid for an inglorious past. All ended in ashes. At last even marginal positions exceeded my staying power and the need for income became very real. Trapped in the inability to live with alcohol or without it, I turned my back on society and began in dead earnest the jungle existence of Skid Row.

EACH DAY begins with the "shakes," a visible trembling induced by malnutrition and excessive ingestion of alcohol. Only more alcohol will offer relief. The pursuit of this "medicine" is the profession of Skid Row and the cause of fights, robberies and even homicides that make life in these areas expendable. My pocket has often been picked by a drinking buddy. I have been beaten and robbed in more than one drunken stupor. The parched craving will change the most gentle fellow into a marauding menace. Survival is for the resourceful and the bold. Days are spent walking, walking, ever walking—to get another drink. Panhandling is an accepted profession. I learned that by diligent persistence at uptown locations I could garner a surprising return in cash. The only qualifications were well-numbered pride and real desperation. Fortified with the funds from these excursions, a few hours of dreams, I found, could be bought in any bar.

On the Bowery, weeks, months and years went by, but the pattern never altered. Wine was truth, inspiration and comfort, a beguiling but treacherous friend.

The warning for me sounded in the psycho ward of a city hospital. Admitted with "delirium tremens" and advised at discharge that this, my 21st hospitalization, might well be my final chance to go on living. I was scared to death. But five hours later I was helplessly drunk all over again. Within five days I sought and found help. Now, months later, with restored vigor, a clear mind and a heart full of hope, I know that for me alcohol is deadly. Sound studies forecast it will be the same for one out of every ten drinking Americans. My point is a simple one. What happened in one life, my own, can repeat itself in the life of anyone.

I am confident that I shall, through God's grace, find a way back. At least the descent has been checked short of a mental institution or the grave. Once again, considerate friends have taken a kindly interest in my cause. My own Catholic faith, Alcoholics Anonymous and sound social welfare have helped me. My own desire to help others has prompted this flow of soul. It is composed with a fervent hope that it may also give strength to my present hold on a rewarding and responsible way of life. I am humbly contrite for the past, but today and always I find courage in the summary of Fr. John C. Ford's treatise, *Morality and Alcoholism*:

The average alcoholic is sick in body, mind and soul, and usually cannot stop drinking without outside help. . . . Since his condition and his craving are pathological, we should tend to be lenient in assessing the subjective moral responsibility; and in the final analysis the judgment must be left to a merciful God.

State of the Question

FREE WILL AND THERAPY: PILLOWS VS. BRICKBATS

Pseudonymous author Jay Dean recently argued, in "What About Free Will?" (1/28, p. 564), that for himself, and possibly for many others troubled by recurrent slumps into melancholy or intoxication, psychiatrists and Alcoholics Anonymous have been "comfortable pillows" on which to rest. In an editorial Comment (1/28, p. 553) prepared to accompany that article, we called attention to the value of professional aid in dealing with "impediments which effectively block the exercise of free will." Several readers now advance views based on research and experience.

TO THE EDITOR: I am grateful for your kind comments regarding the usefulness of my book *Counselling the Catholic*. However, I do not believe this endorsement balances the confusing impact which your article "What About Free Will?" very likely made on a number of your readers. The piece was, in my opinion, both misleading and unnecessary.

There are undoubtedly a few therapists and clients who use psychiatric treatment as a needless crutch or as a substitute for personal initiative. It is, however, quite unfair to imply, as does Mr. Dean, that emotional disorders can be remedied either through clinical help or by the exercise of will power.

The goal of therapy is freedom of the individual, achieved through an understanding of hidden emotional conflicts. The average person with this sort of self-knowledge can achieve self-control and an awareness of his responsibilities. He uses prayer, the sacraments, right thinking and will power to subdue the tugs of his imperfect nature, and to bring order and merit into his life. These are *not* therapeutic tools. They are normal aids to mature happiness and holiness.

But a derangement (large or small) of the emotional stratum clouds the mind and cripples the will—and no amount of "positive-thinking," "up-by-the-bootstraps" efforts will help a disturbed patient to "buck up" or "snap out of it." We have had quite enough of this sloganized, do-it-yourself therapy.

Nine times out of ten, the individual who claims he cured himself by "sweating out" an emotional disorder on his own 1) didn't have a serious problem in the first place, 2) has displaced his original symptoms with other kinds of

troubles, or 3) will experience, sooner or later, a revival of his old difficulties, often in more acute form.

The biggest mental health challenge of our times is to help 19 million seriously ill Americans lose their fear of professional counseling and therapy, and to convince another 5 million alcoholics that membership in Alcoholics Anonymous is nothing to be ashamed of. For the emotionally distressed, these are the proved, prudent and professional roads to self-acceptance, self-reliance and self-control.

GEORGE HAGMAIER, C.S.P.
Institute for Religious Research
New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR: I was thrilled with Jay Dean's article. In far too many instances, education and prosperity do tend to make us spineless. I found quite a correlation between this article and Prof. James E. Kenney's "The Business of Pleasure" (1/28). After all, isn't this the important point: that all material objects should be subservient to our wills, which must be subject to our Creator's?

(MRS.) MARY THOMAS SNOW
Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITOR: It was heartening to read of Jay Dean's determined efforts to combat his melancholic and intoxicated slumps. He cautioned the reader against regarding his self-applied therapy as a potential cure-all for everyone. I am sure some of the readers are faced with emotional disturbances either in themselves or in their loved ones, and some clarification of the intended role of psychiatry might perhaps be helpful.

Mr. Dean called attention to the fact that analysis, medication or shock treat-

ments will be called for in some cases. It is hoped that psychiatric consultation would be sought in order to decide what formal treatment (if any) would be advisable for a particular situation. To do this represents prudence, not weakness.

If dynamic psychotherapy is indicated as the treatment of choice, long-term analysis is only one type and would be indicated only under certain circumstances. No matter what type of dynamic psychotherapy is involved, it can hardly qualify as a "comfortable pillow" on which to rest one's head. This has been discovered many times by patients who have told their symptoms or their "problems" to a psychiatrist, hoping to find the simple solution in being told what to do. Dynamic psychotherapy is a co-operative venture whereby patient and therapist meet to help clarify disturbing feelings, thoughts, actions or recurring behavior patterns which are not understood by the patient.

Sometimes a person will see a psychiatrist because somebody else urges him to do so. But it does not necessarily follow that, because he is putting in his time with a doctor, he is really in therapy. A person must himself *will* to undertake therapy, and the difficulties involved. "Personal, private, even grim self-clarification . . . may well be called for" in psychotherapy. But the intrapsychic problems involved are to a large extent "blind spots" to the patient himself and are best worked out with competent professional help. The patient who seeks dynamic psychotherapy is not avoiding self-clarification; he is trying the better to attain it.

Moral problems as such are not the field of inquiry for psychiatry. The psychiatrist does not accuse the patient, neither does he excuse him. Rather he uses his skill to help the patient in his own efforts to understand those aspects of his feelings and thoughts which are disturbing and unreasonable to him.

Prayer is at least as indicated for an emotional illness as for a broken leg. But in both conditions, one hopefully takes advantage of all the best treatment measures available.

PHILIP R. SULLIVAN, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

TO THE EDITOR: I confess being a priest who regularly suggests member-

ship in Alcoholics Anonymous to those who have alcoholic problems seriously affecting their life and work, and who are serious enough to want to do something about them.

Jay Dean asks: "What About Free Will?" What about free will? I wonder how many in the fellowship find their association with other members of A.A. a "comfortable pillow" on which to lay their heads? I have not yet seen suggested a better program of "grim self-clarification and self-conquest" than the Twelve Steps of A.A. Your author seems not to have discovered them in his three A.A. meetings.

"Will power and prayer together are a therapy, are they not?" he suggests. Yes, and they are nicely synchronized in the Steps. Serious members of A.A. have been regularly accustomed to adding the therapy of the sacraments and of closed spiritual retreats (as in the nation-wide Matt Talbot Retreat Movement)—all this in addition to the group meetings.

Have we abandoned "the ancient therapy of 'sweating it out' in the privacy—and the loneliness—of our own individual will power?" Any recovered member of A.A. will answer that with a grim negative. So they're human enough to lean for comfort occasionally on others with like problems. This is "togetherness," as Mr. Dean says, but hardly "overdone."

It would be nice to see the A.A. program more often tried before it is found wanting.

THOMAS J. COFFEY, S.J., Moderator
Matt Talbot Retreat Movement
New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITOR: After chasing white rats around a Skinner box for five years at the University of Pittsburgh and learning that the mechanistic rules that govern these animals' behavior supposedly govern man, I read with complete empathy the piece on free will by Jay Dean.

Probably no other school of psychology has so devastatingly questioned the concept of free will as the behaviorists. They have stripped human dignity to the point where one either loses his faith, as have several of my former colleagues, or he is driven closer to God if only by the folly of men who claim authorship of His laws.

After a personal "bucking up" à la

Jay Dean, I decided that Christ's teachings reveal a keener insight into the human condition than a report from a psych lab. In the meantime, if there are any questions concerning the behavior of white rats, feel free to write me.

JOHN AYOOB
St. Vincent Seminary
Latrobe, Pa.

TO THE EDITOR: Jay Dean's article contained a number of unfortunate points and implications which were disturbing to me, a student midway in graduate psychology study. Mr. Dean seems to share many of the current misconceptions of psychotherapy which prevent some Catholics from understanding the nature of professional help.

During his therapy periods, Mr. Dean felt guilty because he was using the psychiatrist and Alcoholics Anonymous as a "comfortable pillow," and was not helping himself or using his "free will."

Surely no one really familiar with the psychotherapeutic process, either as therapist or patient, could refer to the



relationship as a "comfortable pillow"; nor could they suggest that in therapy a patient divests himself of responsibility or expects the therapist to assume the burden of the patient's problems.

Therapy is a challenge to the patient, a challenge to change a conceptual system and a way of life which, despite the concomitant symptom-pain, are satisfying and familiar in some way to the patient. To make this change can be painful; it requires all of the "will power" that any individual can muster. Hardly any therapist would regard himself as a will-power surrogate for the patient.

Mr. Dean is fortunate in that he

could come to a satisfying solution of his problem by himself. But such rationality is not always available to the mentally ill person—in fact, it is the absence of such rationality which frequently compounds a personality disturbance or character disorder. Could Mr. Dean seriously suggest to an obsessive-compulsive person or to an anxiety-reaction patient: "Old man, why don't you buck up and pull yourself together?" Like most therapists, Mr. Dean may know the solution to any number of problems. However, to help such a patient one has to do more than just give advice.

I don't think Catholic patients are "unconsciously compromising" the truths of faith by using psychotherapy as a means of support. Surely the rigorous exercise of individual responsibility which psychotherapy demands of a patient is not in any way alien to traditional moral values.

TONY BANET
Bloomington, Ind.

TO THE EDITOR: Thank you for bringing to public attention, in Jay Dean's article, the wonderful work of Recovery, Inc. Dr. Abraham Low's very successful method for helping "nervous" conditions of all kinds—neurotics, former patients of mental hospitals, even the "normal" person with worries or tensions—"has reaffirmed the importance and necessity of free will," as Mr. Dean remarks.

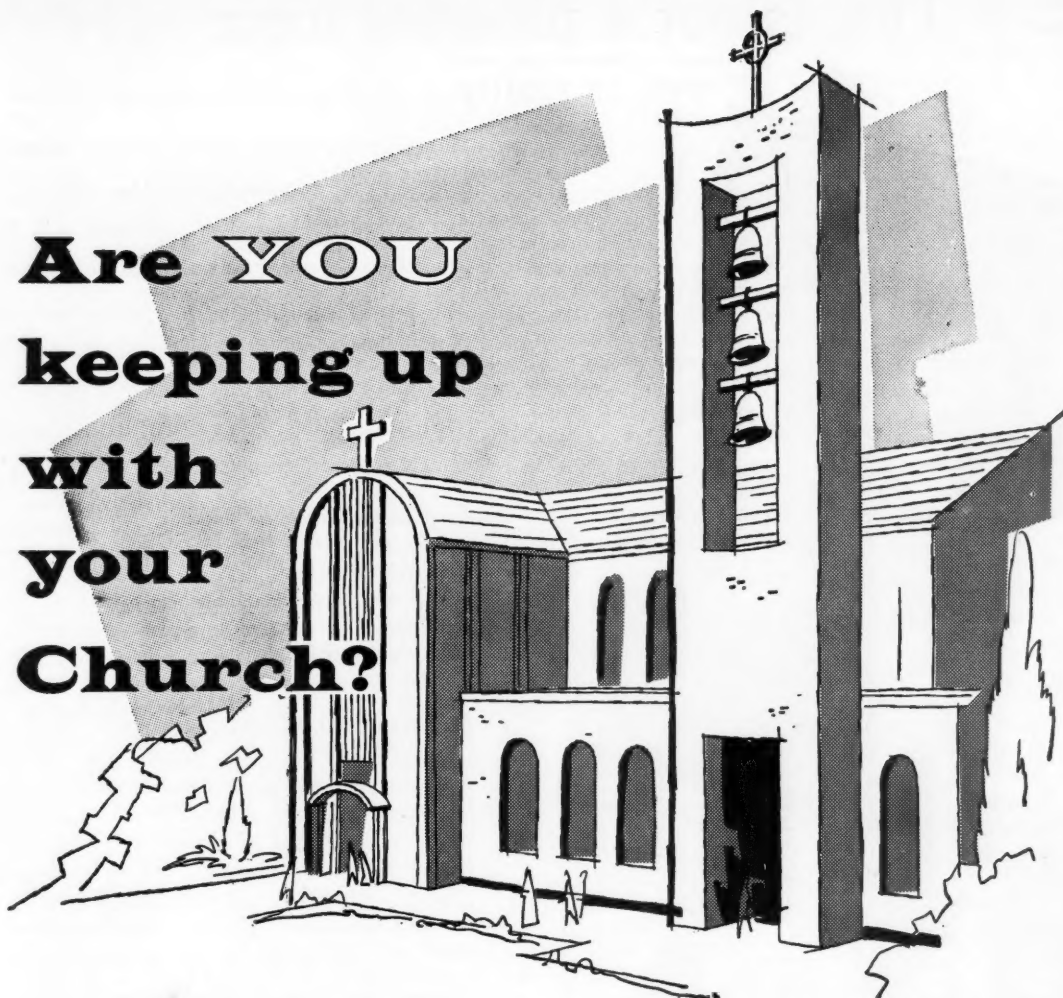
In addition, the group method is good because 1) there is no costly psychiatric fee (only a contribution for the evening's coffee), and 2) many more persons can be reached with these self-help rules of Dr. Low. All the other agencies combined cannot cope with the percentage of our population faced with mental troubles.

Mr. Dean makes a critical comment about "togetherness" in Recovery, Inc. Yet it is only through the regular group meeting (once a week or oftener) that the rules of Dr. Low, and learning from others—plus encouragement, bolstering of the weak—can be effectively put into practice. The proof of the method is that it works.

The national headquarters of Recovery, Inc., is 116 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.

VINCENT H. MILLAR
Morongo Valley, Calif.

Are YOU keeping up with your Church?



Today the Catholic Church—especially here in North America—is constantly developing, constantly growing. Pope John's words and actions regularly electrify the world. Certain traditional practices are undergoing changes. Lay movements on every level are gathering strength.

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National Catholic Weekly Review



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(Mark this annual observance, by introducing your friends to AMERICA. Pass on insert card in this issue.)

America • FEBRUARY 25, 1961

705

"This is not a pleasant topic . . .
yet its reality can scarcely be denied."



This could be a sentence from almost any worth-while pamphlet ever published. It has the mark of courage and frankness long associated with the pamphleteer. Actually, it is a quote from the newest America Press pamphlet, *The Loneliness of Man*. In traditional form, the pamphlets of today meet the issues of the day with opinion in depth, briefly stated. Note the new AMERICA PRESS pamphlets described below.

The Loneliness of Man

by Thurston N. Davis, S.J.

AMERICA'S Editor-in-Chief explores the meaning behind contemporary concern for baffled, confused and lonely modern man—a creature described as "alienated, estranged, lacking sense of direction."

(A-59, 15¢)

Mothers and Daughters

by Katharine M. Byrne

A mother of five children, who formerly was associated with the Chicago Bureau of Child Study, turns an amused but penetrating gaze on the modern suburban world of home and family in three essays: "Happy Little Wives and Mothers," "Where Do We Go From Togetherness?" and "Our Dear, Dear Children." (A-60, 15¢)

Living for God in the Sixties

by Robert T. Reilly and Arthur V. Shea, S.J.

A symposium on Christian family life in the modern age. (B-58 25¢)

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America • FEBRUARY 25, 1961

BOOKS

Twenty Momentous Times of Decision

THE CHURCH IN CRISIS: A History of the General Councils, 325-1870

By Philip Hughes. Hanover House. 369p. \$4.95

Past general councils of the Church are sharing the tremendous interest stimulated by the ecumenical synod soon to convene. One proof is this handy volume (fourth of its type to appear in English in recent months), which puts to excellent use a talent for synthesis made famous by the author's *Popular History of the Catholic Church*. Both handle vast, complicated themes; but the scope of the present work is much narrower, its detail much fuller. On the other hand, the earlier production entered a thickly settled area, whereas this one rates almost as a pioneering exploit. Authoritative information on the history of the councils once could be obtained only by searching through multitomed foreign publications, or thumbing back and forth in encyclopedias or ecclesiastical histories. What a boon it is to have compacted under one cover an account of all 20 of these momentous gatherings which not only describes clearly and accurately their proceedings and enactments, but also shows each one developing out of its peculiar historical context, and assays its effectiveness.

For ready reference this treatment suffices, although it is, of course, too cursory to render obsolete the shelf filled with the set of Hefele-Leclercq's *History of the Councils of the Church*. This is not virgin territory for Msgr. Hughes. Most of it he has penetrated in the three volumes of his uncompleted *History of the Church*, which stops short of the Council of Trent. Again he displays broad knowledge of history, sound grasp of theology and skill in composition.

The 20 chapters, one to each council, constitute a score of dramatic episodes spaced over 15 centuries, no two with an identical cast or plot. In several chapters the fate of the Church can be seen to hover on the verge of disaster until a council clinches its safety. Such was the situation in the year 325 when the first ecumenical assembly was summoned. The speculations of Arius were threatening to shipwreck the Faith as soon as it emerged from the storms of persecution by the Roman Empire.

The council at Nicaea was mainly responsible for ending that danger. So it was in the case of the next five synods, up to 681 A.D., called to settle definitely the Trinitarian and Christological disputes which kept seething in the East. Profound as these questions were, they prove anything but repetitious or dull when interwoven, as they must be in the historical view, with Byzantine politics, the theological ambitions of emperors and the worldly rivalries of prelates.

Later councils have a record as diverse as it is lengthy. Of the final two in the Greek East, the seventh (787 A.D.) calmed the agitation roused by devotion to images; the eighth (869 A.D.) settled a conflict over the see



of Constantinople between Ignatius and Photius. Thereupon the locale for all ensuing meetings shifted to the Latin West, half of them to Rome. Purification from moral infections contracted in a semibarbarous feudal environment was a recurrent obligation of medieval assemblies. The evil of lay investiture preoccupied one; the deposition of Emperor Frederick II another; the suppression of the Knights Templars another; the termination of four decades of schism in the papacy still another. Reunion with Oriental schismatics, so earnestly sought today, was gained in two councils, with fleeting success. Protestantism suggested the agenda at Trent in the 16th century. The primacy and infallibility of the Popes made up the lion's share of the proceedings at the Vatican Council of 1870.

Thanks are due to Philip Hughes at the end of another worth-while labor—and to the Second Vatican Council, even before its actual sessions begin, for inspiring him to this effort.

JOHN F. BRODERICK, S.J.

Four on Segregation

This head is something of a hoax, but a very minor one, and I'm sure I can clear it all up to everyone's satisfaction. The first three novels do indeed treat

segregation in a racial sense. The first two are set in Africa—the Union of South Africa, and East Africa under British rule; the third is laid in a U. S. city, presumably Chicago; and all deal with Negro-white tensions. The fourth book is where the hoaxy title above applies only analogously, because it deals with a man who seeks to segregate himself from society in general and not from any racial segment of it.

A note about the title of the first book: the publishers have issued a statement that it would be all right with them if reviewers refer to the book as "The Gosh-Darned White Man," or something equally neutral. This strikes me as a coy attempt to have their cake and eat it too by saying: "Well, we really did intend to shock you, but if you are shocked, please pretend it doesn't exist."

The Goddam White Man, by David Lytton. Simon & Schuster. 247p. \$3.50

Not merely the title, but the whole of this book is shocking. That's not to be interpreted to mean immoral or seductive, for, although the tale is almost exclusively concerned with thievery, physical brutality and a soupçon of sex, it is essentially a cry of violent moral indignation against the lot of the "coloreds" in South Africa. These unfortunate people are not native blacks nor, obviously, are they the ruling (and largely Dutch-descended) whites. The boy-protagonist in this tale is the son of a white father (a Dutch Reformed minister) and a black mother, his servant. When the minister discovered the pregnancy, the woman was thrown out on the street and died when the boy was very young.

From that day on the boy is eaten up with hatred for the whites, and the many episodes graphically detailed in these pages almost make one share his passionate hatred. He finally organizes a gang and through clever thievery (salted with beatings and an occasional murder) amasses enough wealth to buy his own house and settle down to a process of self-education, with a hint toward the tale's end that he will try his hand at politics. He realizes he won't go far, but the only hope for his class is the vote.

It's not a book for the queasy, but the insights into the feelings of the coloreds of the region are deeply moving. The powerful tale, told in the first person by Johannes, is something you won't easily forget, and its authenticity seems vouched for by the author's 21-year residence in South Africa's Cape Peninsula.

"Speaking of Business"

(AMERICA's, that is)

"Catholic Press?—Oh!"

This week is the last in Catholic Press month. What has happened? Dutifully, all month long, program chairmen of Catholic organizations have responded to what they considered directives from headquarters; they have concentrated on calling attention to the Catholic press.

As a result, lay Catholics have been urged from pulpits and in bulletins to attend "this month's program of the Holy Name Society" which would deal with "the Catholic press".

And, just as in the past, those who heard the announcements stayed away from the meetings—unless they had no choice because they were officers or members of committees that had to make reports.

This often repeated situation points up the desirability for utilizing hard-sell technique in advance publicity. The interest of today's laymen needs to be aroused, no matter how important the topic may be in itself.

The program publicity, therefore, should stress the "sizzle." Instead of saying that "J. B. Newsman is going to discuss the Catholic press"—which will attract no one except the few who will come no matter what is scheduled—why not have an advance announcement read:

What Is Your Opinion?

... About The Test-tube Human Embryo Experiments?

... About the Scandalous Anti-integration Demonstrations in New Orleans?

... About Automation Making Men Obsolete?

A program like that could be built around a current issue of AMERICA. A good chairman, with the help of several others could easily point up topics such as these. The chairman could open with a statement about the importance of being informed, and then show how this can be done through regular reading of the Catholic press. His point would be made by having the articles on these subjects read from AMERICA in a practiced fashion—and then discussed.

Actually, such a program could be scheduled anytime. Program chairmen are invited to write for suggestions on how to implement this idea.

For wider readership of AMERICA,

William Holub
General Manager

AMERICA PRESS

920 Broadway, New York 16, N.Y.

Honey for Tomorrow, by Robert Lait. Random House. 204p. \$3.95

A touch of humor provides a more smiling atmosphere for this tale of British bungling in handling not only the natives of the area, but the government's own officials as well. But it, too, is a grim story, and particularly unsettling in its depiction of the moral disintegration of a white woman, wife of the Provincial Governor, who deliberately seeks to seduce a Negro and thereby leads to his imprisonment for theft.

If there is much less brutality in British treatment of the Negro, as dramatized in this story, there is not much more understanding and sympathy. The tale ends with a promise, however, of better days to come when the area attains independence. The whole book is a comment on the type of preparation British bureaucracy is providing for those who will have to take over—and poses some sobering thoughts about colonialism in general.

First Family, by Christopher Davis. Coward-McCann. 253p. \$3.95

Reverse English (to press a billiard term into service) is what distinguishes this tale of a Negro family that moves into a white neighborhood. Despite the opposition the family meets, it is they (and especially the wife and mother) who are prejudiced. Not only is the woman a "professional" racist, constantly raising the issue of prejudice, but she is hostile to other Negroes who seek to follow them into the region.

Things are brought to a head when the young Negro boy, a genius, an epileptic and in general quite insufferable, thinks he has fallen in love with the little white girl whose parents made the first gestures of friendship and social integration.

The treatment is frankly propagandistic and, though it is a good study of nerves tightened up to the shrieking point, it makes its points with less artistic subtlety than a fine book on the same topic three years ago, *Our Kind of People*, by Jack Dillon (Ballantine Books. 1958).

The Double Axe, by Lauren R. Stevens. Scribner. 248p. \$3.95

Thoreau's *Walden* was the bible for Henry Sawyer and his wife—even on their honeymoon they read passages from it. Inspired by a lofty disdain for modern life, they took to the Maine woods. There Henry learned the hard way how to be a farmer; she how to churn butter and in general to be a pioneering woman. The children were born, raised and somewhat educated in

this remote fastness, though over many years of the marriage lay the cloud of the wife's early infidelity—it's not clear that this element, however passingly handled, has much to do with the development of the story.

Anyway, the whole is a study of how the cities beckon to the children, who leave one by one until Henry and wife, now more completely realizing their need for one another, are left to pass away quietly and proudly, presumably, in their self-imposed segregation from the world.

The very young author writes ably, though much too self-consciously. The tale will be remembered best for its evocation of the sense of mystery and solitude in the deep woods.

All four books are worth your attention, with the nod going to the first for its valid shock value.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

Columbuses in Biology

THE COIL OF LIFE

By Ruth Moore. Knopf. 418p. \$5.95

At the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, December, 1960, the urgency was emphasized for scientists to explain themselves and their disciplines more widely and more effectively to the citizenry in general. It is indeed fortunate that we have professional journalists with scientific training, like Ruth Moore, to aid in this essential communication of scientific matters to the nonscientist.

The present book tells the story of the great discoveries in biology: from Lavoisier's demonstration that combustion of carbon in a guinea pig is essentially the same as in a candle to the Huxleys' modern "sliding-coils" theory of muscular contraction. The book is interesting and accurate.

Special mention should be made of the excellent illustrations. Sixteen beautifully rendered half-tone plates show, among other things, details of chromosome and cellular structure. There are 61 line drawings, which are imaginative and serve dramatically to emphasize the text.

The coil of life is what the author refers to as nature's favorite helix, "the spiral staircase of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) and of the proteins themselves." This DNA is the fundamental chemical unit of living stuff—it is the ultimate determiner of protoplasm. Its discovery and evaluation took place within the lifetime of many

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of us. Its further understanding may extend the useful lifespan of us all.

The key role of this master material of life is told clearly and expertly by Miss Moore. She points out the far-reaching implications which this discovery has for the future; how man may yet be able to manipulate and control with precision fundamental vital processes.

If such control is achieved even in part, the possibility looms that man may be able to regulate his own heritage as he now regulates many of the elements of his environment. In that event his future evolution would be the outcome not of the blind interaction of heredity and man-made environment, but of his own determination. It is an outlook ineffably dangerous and ineffably promising. So far our understanding of this mortal coil speaks well for the future. It is unmarred by misuse, and stands as one of the summit achievements of man and of DNA.

It is difficult to pick out especially distinguished portions of the book because the total quality is so high. I particularly enjoyed the author's cogent description of Mendel's crucial discoveries and her explanation of "DNA's ingenious mechanisms." Her discussion of the "sliding-coils" view of muscle contraction is clear and concise.

I recommend this well-written, authoritative book heartily to all who are interested in biology, health—or just good reading.

CHARLES G. WILBER

ON ALIEN RULE AND SELF GOVERNMENT

By John Plamenatz. Longmans, Green. 224p. \$5

"The man who cares deeply for freedom has confidence in his own beliefs and tastes, and is not put out by other people's not sharing them. . . . He is tolerant because he sets great store by what he has made his own." These are not words from our recently concluded election campaign, but from the pen of a provocative British political philosopher, writing on a currently controversial topic—colonialism and freedom. Plamenatz is a hardheaded realist with a philosopher's flair for introspection and a historian's education.

He has chosen his thesis well—the existence of a conflict in the Western conscience between the continuation of a dying colonialism, made sordid by national pride and moral rejection, and

the upsurge of national independence and self-government in the ex-colonial areas.

The core of the conflict, Plamenatz points out, and also the point the West often unfortunately misunderstands, is that the European colonial powers (principally Britain and France) have made their basic contribution to civilization in the grand tradition of Roman and Anglo-Saxon constitutional development and freedom, yet are to this day caught in the dilemma of refusing or seeming to refuse this same freedom to subject people whom they have influenced to seek this very objective.

The author rejects U. S. anticolonial sentiment, as he does Russia's deceptions, in this all-important postwar question,



on the grounds that the pot must not call the kettle black. To this end he cites our earlier colonial history. This forgivable anti-Americanism, together with his too logical assertion that underdeveloped colonial lands must be educated for freedom through immediate creation of political and judicial systems, represents the only marring feature of an otherwise excellent work.

While it is certainly true and to their credit that the British today are working overtime to train responsible native classes to the demands of national independence, it is a forced-draft condition, and Plamenatz, for all his insight, will have to admit that the history of colonialism is not known for its foresightedness. It is simply not possible to consider or cite a universally practical form of colonialism.

On the whole, the author is conservative, sensible and certainly pioneering in his effort to strike a hard and fast political theory of colonial evolution toward self-government. He deplores alien rule as a contradiction of freedom; he rejects Soviet colonialism as a complete subjugation of subject peoples without a defensible rationalization. But he also has a message for the ex-colonial people: do not repeat the mistakes of your former colonizers, do not bring to your great opportunity resent-

**"Certainly . . .
to be read..."**

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY AND INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM

By Anton C. Pegis, Ph.D.

An excellent statement of the difficulties involved in developing a true philosophy within a commitment to the Faith. "Certainly deserves to be not only read but seriously thought through by everyone . . . to reach a deeper understanding of the most fundamental questions man has asked since he began to wonder about himself, his destiny and his place in the order of being."—The Critic

\$2.75

TREASURE IN A FIELD

By Sister Mary Fidelis, S.N.D.

Excitingly told, definitive biography of the co-foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. This is dramatic biography at its best: vivid but free from sentimentality. \$3.95

"Lively, irresistible . . ." A NUN WITH A GUN

By Eddie Doherty

"Take a writer like Eddie Doherty who can make even the lowly broomstick colorful and dramatic. . . . Take a nurse like Sister Stanislas Malone, dynamic friend of the poor and outcast, who pioneered Charity Hospital of New Orleans for 65 years. . . . Spotlight all the scenes with radiant love of God, and you have the formula for one lively, irresistible book."—Ave Maria \$3.50

MAKING THE LATER YEARS COUNT

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KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

LAS Arts and Sciences	G Graduate School	M Medicine	SF Sister Formation
AE Adult Education	HS Home Study	Mu Music	Sp Speech
A Architecture	ILL Institute of	N Nursing	Sy Seismology Station
C Commerce	LL Languages and	P Pharmacy	T Theatre
D Dentistry	L Linguistics	PT Physical Therapy	AROTC Army
DH Dental Hygiene	IR Industrial Relations	RT Radio-TV	NROTC Navy
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ment and hatred; the job for you is far too immense and important. It would be hard to find a more reasonable request in an eminently reasonable book well worth the effort required to appreciate it.

ROBERT FINLEY DELANEY

A WIND FROM THE NORTH: The Life of Prince Henry the Navigator
By Ernle Bradford. Harcourt, Brace & World. 277p. \$5

SURVEYOR OF THE SEA: The Life and Voyages of George Vancouver
By Bern Anderson. U. of Washington Press. 274p. \$6.75

These two books concern men of another age, the geographic age now past. Both were men of the sea and in each case their biographers are seamen. Prince Henry (1394-1460), the medieval ascetic, made navigators out of courtiers and deep-water seamen out of fishermen. He sent them, with the help of the "wind from the north" and under the urgent command to "go farther," to the Madeiras, the Canaries, the Azores and Cape Verde Islands and into the dark waters beyond the bulge of Africa. "Not until men return from space" says the author, "will anyone be able to experience the emotions of these early Portuguese navigators."

The only complaint I would have with this delightfully written book, which was certainly a labor of love, is that, like all biographies of Prince Henry, it devotes too much attention to Portuguese politics and the Holy War against the Moors and not enough to the ships, boats, charts and instruments that were Henry's tools.

George Vancouver (1757-1798), subordinate and follower of Capt. James Cook, was among the last of the great explorers. His achievement was a four-year coastal survey of what is now California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and part of Alaska. His biographer, a naval officer turned scholar after retirement, points out the difference between Cook and Vancouver, who are too often compared. Vancouver was a conscientious hydrographic surveyor, while Cook was a wide-ranging discoverer.

Vancouver's diplomatic record almost equals his scientific. He got along well with Spaniards when few Englishmen could. He used the Hawaiian Islands as a base and his influence over King Kamehameha I almost resulted in the islands becoming a British possession. Vancouver can be given credit for the Hawaiian cattle industry. He brought

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some cattle from California and in-
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on killing them.

Vancouver was above all a dedicated
naval officer, and in naming Mount
Hood and Mount Rainier he honored
superiors whom he admired in the Roy-
al Navy. A demanding disciplinarian,
he also left monuments to devoted sub-
ordinates: Puget Sound, Whitby Island
and Mount Baker. He gave the names
of friendly and helpful Spaniards to
what are now familiar points along the
California coast: San Francisco and
Monterey; Dume, Vicente and Fermin
were all named after priests of the
Franciscan Order.

JOHN D. HAYES

THE IRON BRIGADE

By Alan T. Nolan. Macmillan. 412p. \$6.95

The Iron Brigade, composed initially of
three regiments from Wisconsin and one
from Indiana and, later in the war, one
from Michigan, served in the eastern
theatre of the Civil War from shortly
before Second Bull Run to Gettysburg.
Its trademark was the distinctive high
black Hardee hat with black plume; its
appearance on the field of battle was a
sign to friend and enemy that tested and
dependable "regulars" were on the
scene.

The roll call of its battles and casual-
ties testifies to the Brigade's contribu-
tions in some of the major battles in this
arena: Second Bull Run (33 per cent
casualties); South Mountain, where
Hooker christened this group "The Iron
Brigade" (25 per cent casualties); at
Antietam (42 per cent); at Gettysburg
(65 per cent casualties). After the
crushing losses at Gettysburg, the outfit
lost its identity as the Iron Brigade and
its component parts were merged with
other units. But the western veterans,
retaining their black hats, their original
brigade insignia and pride in their rec-
ord, were still to participate in the bat-
tles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania,
Cold Harbor, Petersburg and Five
Forks.

The story of this admirable and cou-
rageous group has been told by Alan T.
Nolan in a manner which makes his
book the definitive history of the Bri-
gade. In the process he seems to have
examined all available records, manu-
scripts and references concerning its
activities. The result is a complete pic-
ture and catalogue of sources for the
serious student of the Civil War. The
general reader may be irritated by the
amount of organizational detail pre-
sented.

However, we must take the author

on his own terms, which are that *The
Iron Brigade* is "A Military History,"
history in the full sense of the word.
When the Brigade takes on Jackson's
crack troops at Brawner Farm, charges
through the cornfield at Antietam, and
locks with the overwhelming force of
the enemy in McPherson's Woods at
Gettysburg, the organization truly
comes to life—and death—in these his-
toric encounters.

RAYMOND L. CAROL

SPRING SONG AND OTHER STORIES

By Joyce Cary. Harper. 285p. \$3.95

Readers who have not yet become fa-
miliar with the novels of Joyce Cary will
find in this posthumous collection of
short stories a splendid showcase of
those qualities which have endeared
him to his admirers. They need only be
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Cary's gifts in miniature; it rings with
echoes of his novels.

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involve children and old people; middle-
class marriage gets attention, and so
does the prospect of what one might call
unlikely romance; some of the tales are
fairly long and carefully built; others
have an almost lightninglike brevity
and sharpness. While Cary is skilled in
evoking a sense of place, his greater suc-
cess lies in his penetration to essential
human nature: its qualities, motives,
paradoxes, failures and glories. All of
this he manages to observe and record
with what Andrew Wright calls his "al-
together characteristic sympathy for the
human impulse to love, to create, to ful-
fil."

"Bush River," the first story in the
collection, recounts an episode in Ni-
geria during the Cameroons campaign
of 1914-16 and, according to Cary, is
based on fact. Captain Corner, a stuffy
young man with "a strong prejudice
against the unusual," is enamored of
Satan, his Barbary stallion. While on
reconnaissance, he defies his orderly,
Mamadou, and his native soldiers to
swim Satan across the Bush River. Cary
makes the reader experience the elation
of the physical success, but he hints at
something different if not deeper in
Corner's reflection: "But what was the
good of wondering at chance, at luck,
here in Africa? Next time it would be
different." All of Cary's writings on
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four-year-old boy and his problem. In the two-page story "A Hot Day," Tommy is out walking with his parents; he cries his thirst; with a ten-minute wait for the bus, his parents buy him a lemonade. The child blows bubbles through the straw, fails to drink up, causes the family to miss the bus, infuriates his mother—and sits by the roadside in despair. How could he or his parents guess that for the moment *thirsty* meant *tired*? In making vivid this very commonplace experience of small children, Cary displays the gifts he transfers so well to larger canvases.

Here in small packets of sparkling variety, Joyce Cary celebrates his love of life, his fascination with what makes human beings human—anywhere and at any age.

MARY STACK McNIFF



"The trouble with Bach is that he always sounds so much like . . . like Bach," was the comment of a friend I had invited to join me in listening to some recordings that are going to be reviewed in this column. If not the ultimate word in music criticism, the remark was discerning. For Bach really does sound like himself and like no one else.

My friend's difficulty is not, I believe,

with Bach. He would very likely have an equally hard time with Vivaldi or Telemann or Buxtehude. In fact, his remark is rather like the oft-heard complaint: "I can't tell nuns apart; they all look alike." Replace "nuns" by "Chinese" or "Laotians" or some other unfamiliar minority and you have the problem. In music, too, or poetry, or the other arts, things unfamiliar seem alike. I have heard some people object even to jazz on the grounds that all jazz sounds the same. My friend's problem was really not Bach but baroque.

If you feel no great fondness for Bach, don't become intimidated by Prof. Hugo Leichtentritt's sweeping stricture: "We may safely judge a person's understanding of music by his attitude toward Bach, and we may also safely consider that a man who is bored by Bach is completely ignorant of artistic music" (*Music, History and Ideas*, p. 159). The famed musicologist was being more than hyperbolic; he was also forgetting that the listening habits of most people, even sensitive people, tend to be limited to the styles that were prevalent during the last century. They can sense differences and variety and interest within those styles, but not otherwise.

This sort of complication did not arise in other periods. While people used their own popular music for singing and dancing, "art" music (i.e., music geared principally for listening) also belonged to its own age and style. Today, however, with our unprecedented means of reproducing music of every epoch (and even of alien cultures), we have the disadvantage of being self-conscious in our listening and embarrassed at our slow response to

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what trained musicians wax fervent about. But ours, too, is the advantage of easy access to every style of the past.

Far from an exaggeration, it is now a commonplace to note that musically inclined college students today have already heard more fine music than their grandparents did in a lifetime. A generation ago, unless one was an organist or had one available, he heard little Bach and less Buxtehude. Thus his enjoyment was likely to exclude an entire style the equal of any in music's long, varied history. If one happens to be past forty, can he do anything about this gap, should he, and, if so, what?

The answer that any baroque enthusiast would give the first two queries is a resounding *yes*. To leave Bach out of one's musical ken seems as impoverishing as to leave Shakespeare out of one's world of poetry and drama. Of course, some investment is called for. As in all growth, one must first be willing to humble oneself and then stretch.

Humility is needed for an act of human faith, not in me, but in the unanimous consensus of musicians. Indeed, most musicians would go so far (as a sample poll revealed some time ago) as to place Bach in first place among composers. An esthetic humility, too, will help divest one of pet preconceptions of what music *ought* to sound like.

The next step is to immerse oneself in Bach (or other baroque). In order to sense differences within a style, one has to hear a great deal—getting used to unaccustomed melodic and other structures. There are several possible starting points. With some reluctance I suggest a superb recording of one of the towering works of all music, Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* (Vanguard, BG 494/7, Bach Guild, Wölkke conducting). My reason for hesitating is the fear that you may come to think Bach suitable only for Lent. True, there is no better Lenten listening than this great work—but it is distinctly not a penitential exercise. (A good Presbyterian friend finds it altogether too beautiful to be godly.)

Lent apart, the *St. Matthew* offers other advantages to the beginner. There is the help of the text—St. Matthew's account, together with lyrical and choral meditations on the Passion. Moreover, though the work is long, it can easily be broken, and individual numbers are brief. If you find the opening chorus too overpowering, you can always turn to No. 47, the haunting solo "Erbarme Mich," which communicates even on first hearing.

Granted that you already know Bach,

you will want to hear the *St. Matthew* as a deep spiritual, as well as musical, experience. If you don't yet know him, I suggest it as a fine exercise, both ascetical and musical, that will bring rich rewards even in this life. But more about Bach later.

C. J. McNASPY



CONNELLY VS. CONNELLY (*Blackfriars*). In their rather longish tenure on 57th Street, the Blackfriars have probably sponsored more intelligent plays than any commercial producer catering to the Broadway trade—allowing, of course, that the Friars must launch a production with a decimal of the money Leo Kerz invested in *Rhinoceros*. Their current offering, for instance, is a fusion of love story and religious fervor focused in the tension of courtroom drama. Make the central character a Hollywood divorcee or Park Avenue dowager, change the mood of Michael Kray's direction from reflective to exciting, and you have the main ingredients of a thrill show and a Broadway hit.

The title characters are Pierce Connelly, plaintiff, and Cornelia Connelly, defendant, opposing each other in Arches Court, calendar 1850, in Canterbury, England. Pierce petitioned the court to restore his conjugal rights, a plea which must be rare in the annals of jurisprudence. The case was unique in still another respect. Pierce was a priest, although apostate, and Cornelia was a nun.

Courtroom drama, if it has any merit at all, is the form of the art in which it is easiest for a playwright to maintain suspense. Prolonged suspense, however, wears thin; the audience needs an occasional rest from tension. Brendan Larnen provides the necessary dramatic breaks by making skillful use of flashbacks. The Connellys, before they appeared as antagonists in Arches Court, had shared a lyrical courtship, and their matrimonial relationship was close to ideal. The flash-backs relieve the monotony of forensics with romantic vignettes and felicitous scenes of family intimacy.

The authorship is patently profes-

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sional, and the Friars have taken pains to assure an equally capable performance. Adrienne Hazzard renders glowing portrayals of Cornelia as a young woman in love, an understanding and patient wife, and, finally, a religious defending her vocational vow. As the story changes in time and mood, Miss Hazzard actually appears as three different characters, handling the phases of her role with a sensitive change of pace. Derek Murcott and R. E. Buxton, as bickering barristers, are resourceful in keeping the courtroom scenes animated while the case hangs in suspense, and Robert Milton is impressive as a frigid and prejudiced judge. Richard Turmail is persuasive as Pierce, ardent suitor and fond husband.

In writing and performance, *Connelly vs. Connelly* is near the top of the roster of the better plays of the season, on or off Broadway.

"O, OYSTERS!" (*Village Gate*). In the informal atmosphere of an after-hours rendezvous of performing artists, Art d'Lugoff and Eric Blau have staged the most original and refreshing revue your observer can remember since Bert Williams and Will Rogers last appeared in *Ziegfeld's Follies*. The authors of most subsequent revues, who apparently never read anything but *Variety*, have restricted their satire to prominent personalities of the stage and theatrical literature. Eric Blau, who wrote the lyrics and skits, obviously reads the newspapers and is aware of what's going on in the world beyond the area of Manhattan called Broadway.

His eye roams from Lewis Carroll to the interdiction to keep off the grass in Central Park. He submits a provocative spoofing of Kennedy and Khrushchev in a Gallagher and Shean song and dance, and a subtle lampoon of psychoanalysis. Your reviewer laughed loudest at "\$29.50," a mordant commentary on take-home pay after deductions for taxes. And it's all 99.44 per cent good clean fun.

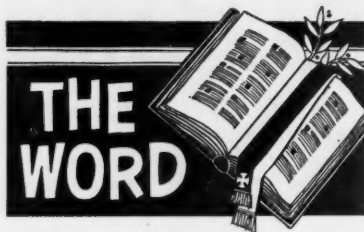
THE OCTOROON (*Phoenix*). The management of the Second Avenue theatre seems to be digging up antiques this season. The current production is Dion Bouicault's antislavery melodrama first produced in 1859. Staged six years later than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the play probably reinforced Abolitionist sentiment on the eve of Lincoln's election. Both plays are now theatrical curiosities.

There was an emotional force in old-style melodrama that is too often wanting in more sophisticated current drama,

a vacuum that Tennessee Williams and his imitators fill with sex and degeneracy. The audience gets a kick from *The Octoroon* without a moral recoil. While *The Octoroon* is a dramatic antique, it is as interesting as authentic Sheraton.

MIDGIE PURVIS (*Martin Beck*). Tallulah Bankhead's portrayal of the central character fails to lift the comedy by Mary Chase off the ground. Miss Bankhead's analyst, if she has one, will probably include *Midgie Purvis* in his notes on Tallulah's frustrations.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS



What return shall I make to the Lord for all He has given me? I will take the cup of salvation, and I will call upon the name of the Lord (Words spoken softly by the celebrant of the Mass before he consumes the blood of Christ).

As we know well, the Lord Christ is completely and vitally present under each species in the Eucharistic mystery. Hence, after receiving Christ in the host, the priest at Mass is directed to pause briefly in adoration. For this reverential act the Church puts no words on the priest's lips. He will speak to his Lord as the Holy Spirit gives him to speak and according to the inmost reality of what he most truly and deeply is. His meditation, however, will be short, for the ritual action, which always takes precedence over private devotion, must not be interrupted. Proceeding, then, to complete the sacrificial meal, the celebrant quietly pronounces the question and answer which form our present text. In the Latin the first phrase is: *Quid retribuam* (*What shall I give back?*).

The Christian problem of gratitude is one of the several questions which come to a sharp point in the Mass.

There can be no doubt, of course, about our very real obligation of gratitude as we face almighty God. If our first duty toward the Supreme Being and Divine Majesty is to adore Him, the second, scarcely distinguishable from the first, is to thank Him. We are in debt to God for everything, simply. *After all, friend*, says St. Paul to his typical, confident Corinthian, *who is it that*

gives thee this pre-eminence? What powers hast thou, that did not come to thee by gift? And if they came to thee by gift, why dost thou boast of them—or, we might add, take them for granted—as if there were no gift in question?

But mere words, when we set about being grateful to God, are so inadequate. Not that the formal expression of gratitude is ever to be despised, as we see from this and many other places in the Church's liturgy. Still, words do not really prove anything, do they? Talk is disturbingly cheap. The Christian, therefore, will feel the need of implementing his inner thankfulness to the extravagantly generous Lord of all who has been so good to him.

Gratitude ought to be an attitude. That is to say, a religious man's habitual outlook and viewpoint and general manner ought to be colored and influenced, if it will not be dominated, by an explicit sense of thankfulness.

There is a kind of man who is satisfied with nothing. Existent reality does not live up to this individual's expectations. Things are all wrong, and that's the long and short of it—the weather, the season, the price of things, the digestion, the nerves, the national situation, the international pandemonium, the state of education, the doings of the Church, the antics of people. People. They get the awful prize, whatever it is. People, as a modern philosopher has observed succinctly but surely not without satisfaction, are hell.

Now the difficulty with all this is that it is true. Does it come as any surprise to a Christian to hear for the thousandth time that original sin did make a botch of God's good creation? In other words, if I insist on being a connoisseur of trouble, I will indeed be a connoisseur. If I am determined to find fault, there will always be plenty of fault to find. If I will not cheer up, then I must expect to droop down.

We will not trouble now to point out that there really is another and brighter side to this poor old world, fallen and fallible as it is. Our present interest lies not in any external situation but in an interior attitude. No doubt some of us must carry through life, like a cross (for it is no less), a temperament that is darker and more capacious than most. But temperament, while it explains, does not altogether excuse. I may be dyspeptic to my ears—so to speak—but I am still not quit of my obligation of gratitude toward God.

What we are trying to say is that a splendid form of gratitude to God is cultivated cheerfulness toward men.

VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

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ORRY, S.J.

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